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22

DYNAMIC

COMICS

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WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

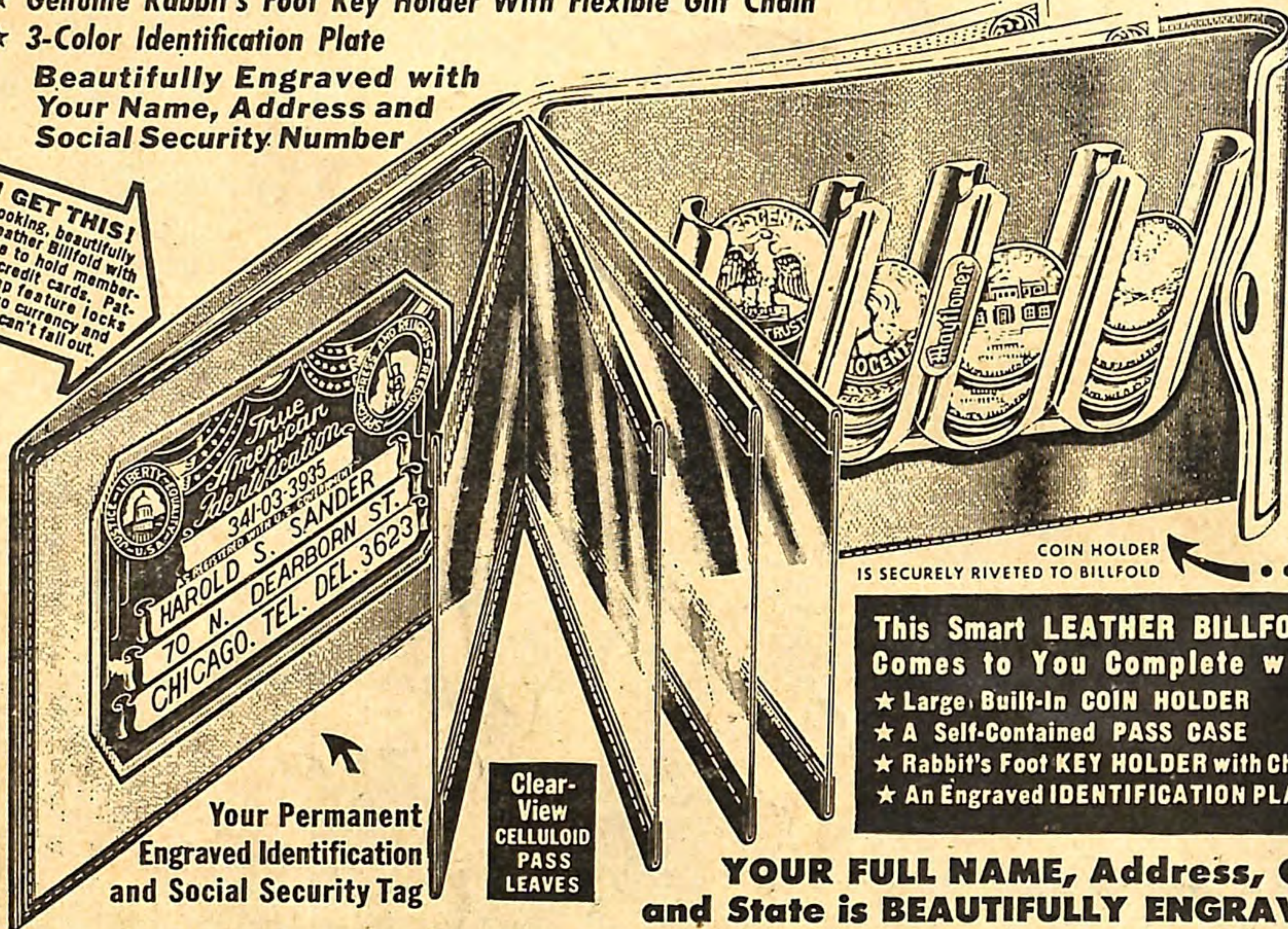
4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold with
Pass Case to hold member-
ship and credit cards. Pat-
ented snap feature locks
securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.



Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large, Built-In **COIN HOLDER**
- ★ A Self-Contained **PASS CASE**
- ★ Rabbit's Foot **KEY HOLDER** with Chain
- ★ An Engraved **IDENTIFICATION PLATE**

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

**DeLuxe
VALUE**

**Smart
STYLING**

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.

YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you



NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
1227 LOYOLA AVE., Chicago 10, Ill.

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. De-
signed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price
that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have
shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary
type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look
at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the
spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers,
etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into
your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by
celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We
also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in
addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which
we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything
you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at! Handy! Efficient! Durably made!
The neatest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving
your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across,
return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

**RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-
LIFETIME BARGAIN!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9408
1227 LOYOLA AVE., Chicago 26, Ill.

Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Coin Holder,
genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I
will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.
It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return
the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am
enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus
20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37).

• Social Security No. _____

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

**SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

DYNAMIC MAN



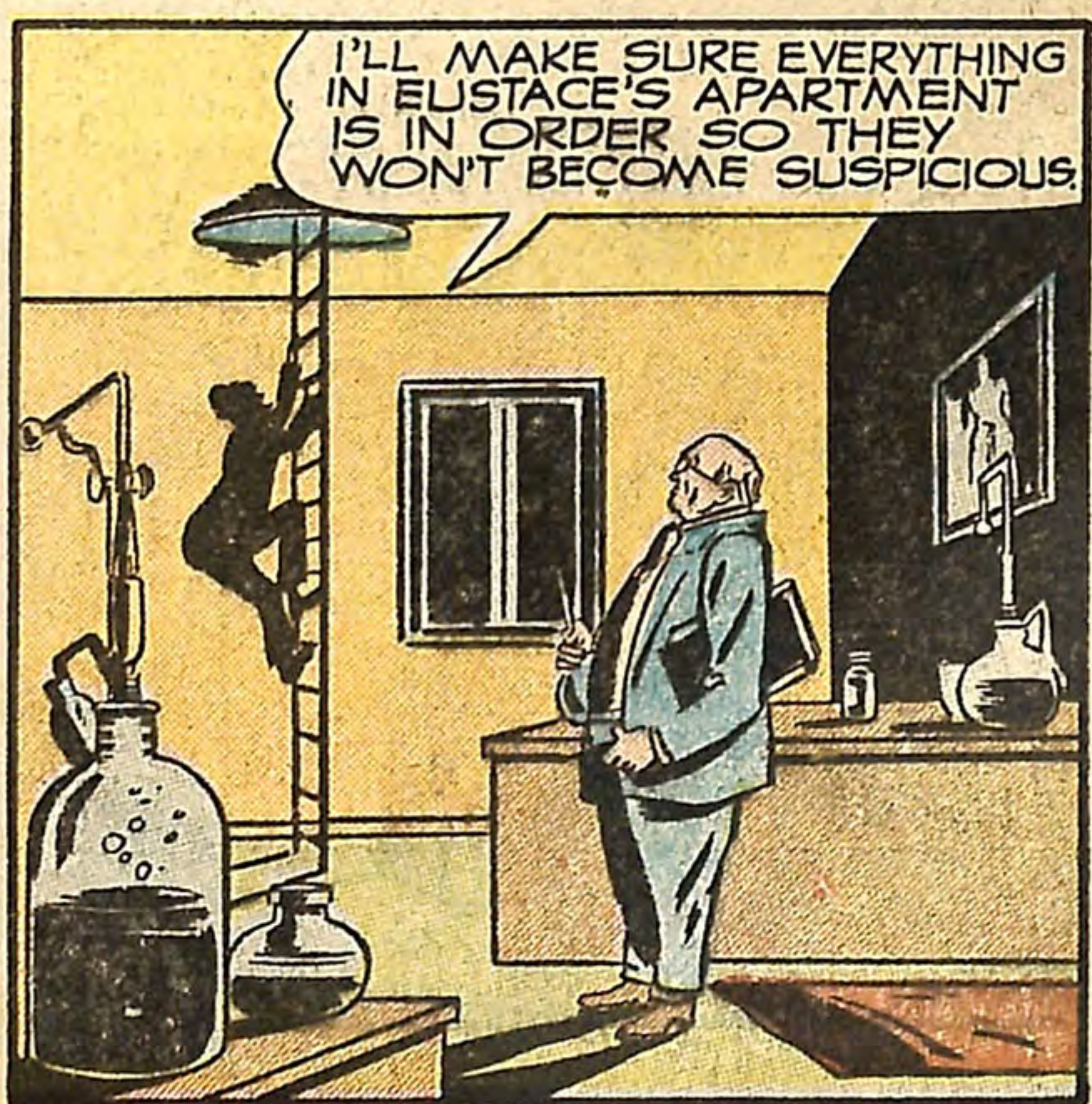
LISTEN TO THIS, DR. HOAGLUND! I'VE DECODED ENOUGH OF DR. STAHL'S NOTES TO PROVIDE A START!

NAMES OF VOLUNTEER SUBJECTS, I HOPE!

READ BACKWARDS! IN GREEK, BUT THE PHONETICS GIVES YOU- COACH MCQUADE AND HIS YOUNG BROTHER!

HE'S AT CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH! I'LL HANDLE HIM, NYE!









THE KID CAME ALONE! SHOULD WE TAKE A CHANCE AND WORK ON HIM?

YES. WHEN COACH MC QUADE CALLS, WE'LL SAY THE KID NEVER SHOWED UP.



I SMELLED A RAT THE MOMENT I STEPPED IN HERE. THAT DOC IS A PHONY!



WHAT'S THE SET-UP HERE, MISTER? I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR KIDDING!

DR. NYE! HE WISED UP! HE'S COMING FOR ME!



GUESS AGAIN! I'M NOT RICKY MC QUADE. HE DUCKED OUT WHEN I CAME IN!



LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU, BRAT!



GOOD WORK, DR. NYE! NOW LET'S GET HIM DOWN TO THE LAB BEFORE HE WAKES UP!

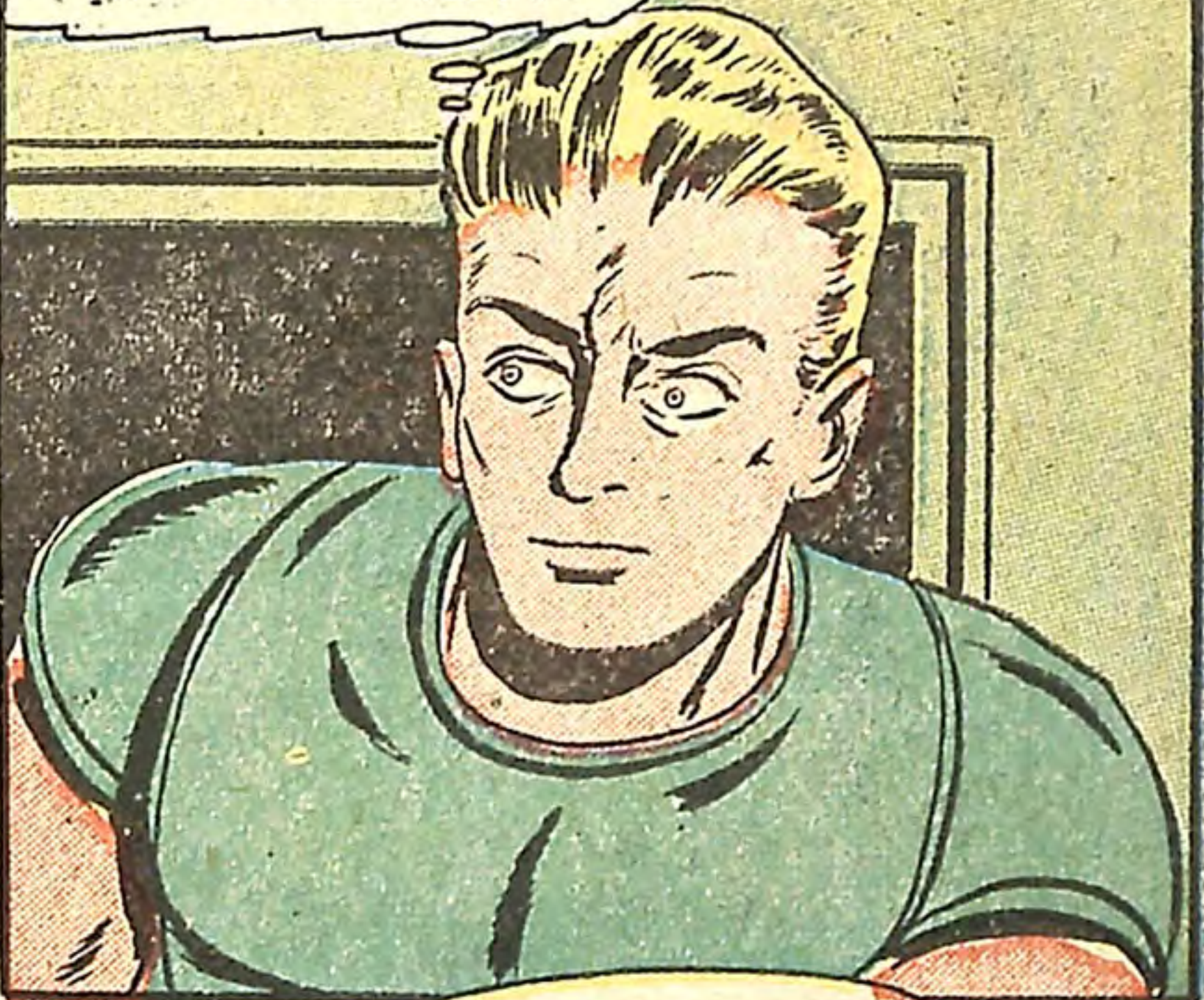


BRING DOWN EUSTACE'S SKELETON WHILE I PUT DYNAMIC BOY IN THE ELECTROLYTIC TANK!

LIGHTS JUST SNAPPED
OUT IN EUSTACE'S
SUITE. I'D BETTER
SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON!



HEY--WHAT THE--? A
BAR OF LIGHT FROM
THE FLOOR. OH--OH!
IT'S GONE NOW!



WELL, I'LL BE--! THIS
CHAIR IS A BLIND.
THE CUSHION
RAISES LIKE A
TRAPDOOR AND
LEADS TO A
SECRET ROOM
BELOW!



DYNAMIC BOY MUST
HAVE FUMBLING THE
PLAY. THEY'VE GOT
HIM IN SOME SORT
OF TANK--BUT I
WANT TO KNOW
MORE BEFORE
I ATTACK!



YOU'RE CRAZY--
BOTH OF YOU!
YOU CAN'T LEARN
THE SOURCE OF
MY DYNAMIC
POWER WITH
ELECTRICAL
TESTING
DEVICES!

BUT WE'LL
BREAK
DOWN
YOUR
RESISTANCE
AND YOU'LL
REVEAL
HOW DR. STAHL
SUPERCHARGED
YOUR BODY!



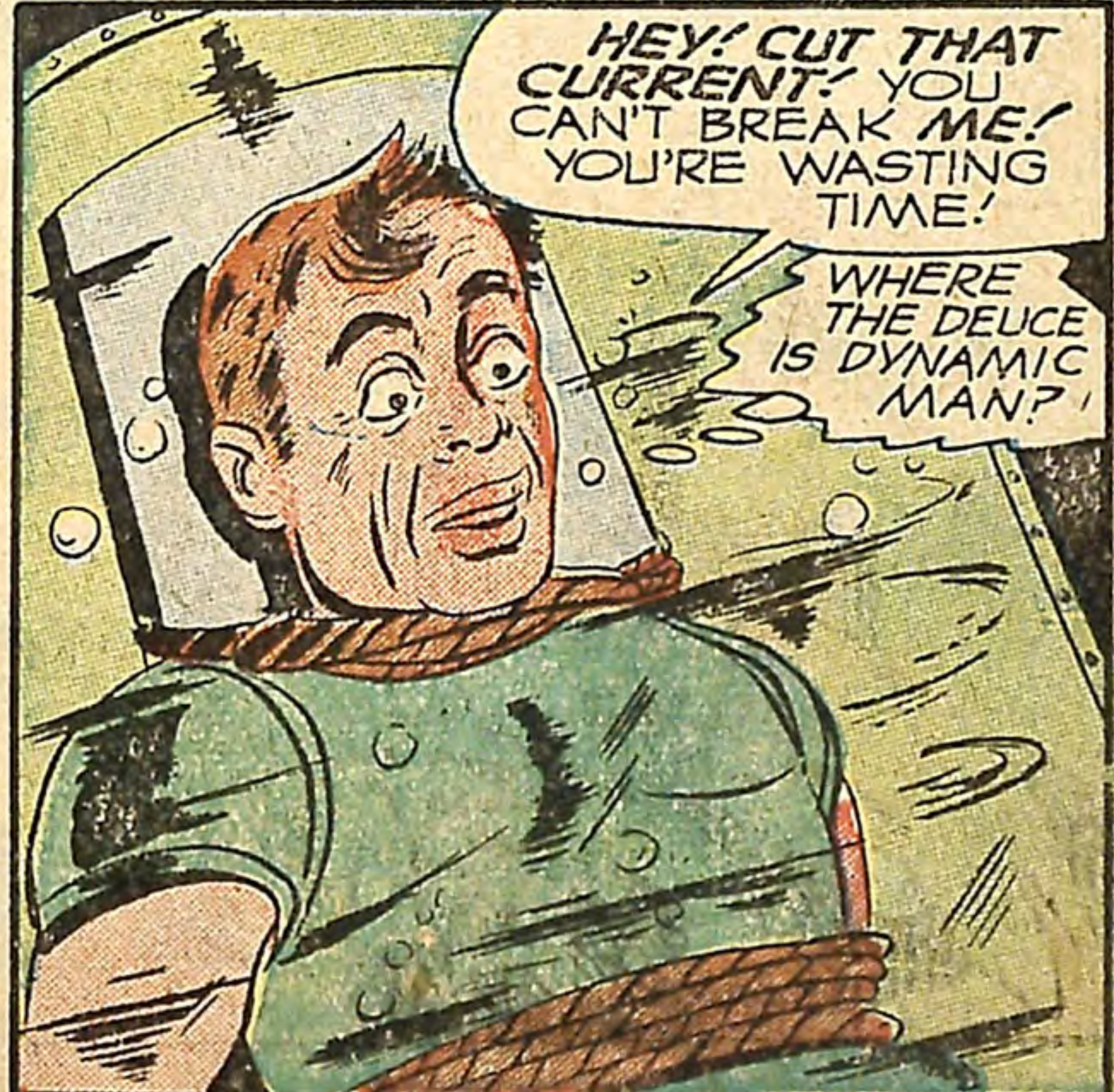
HIS BODY GIVES OFF
NO MORE ELECTRICITY
THAN THAT OF AN
ORDINARY HUMAN!

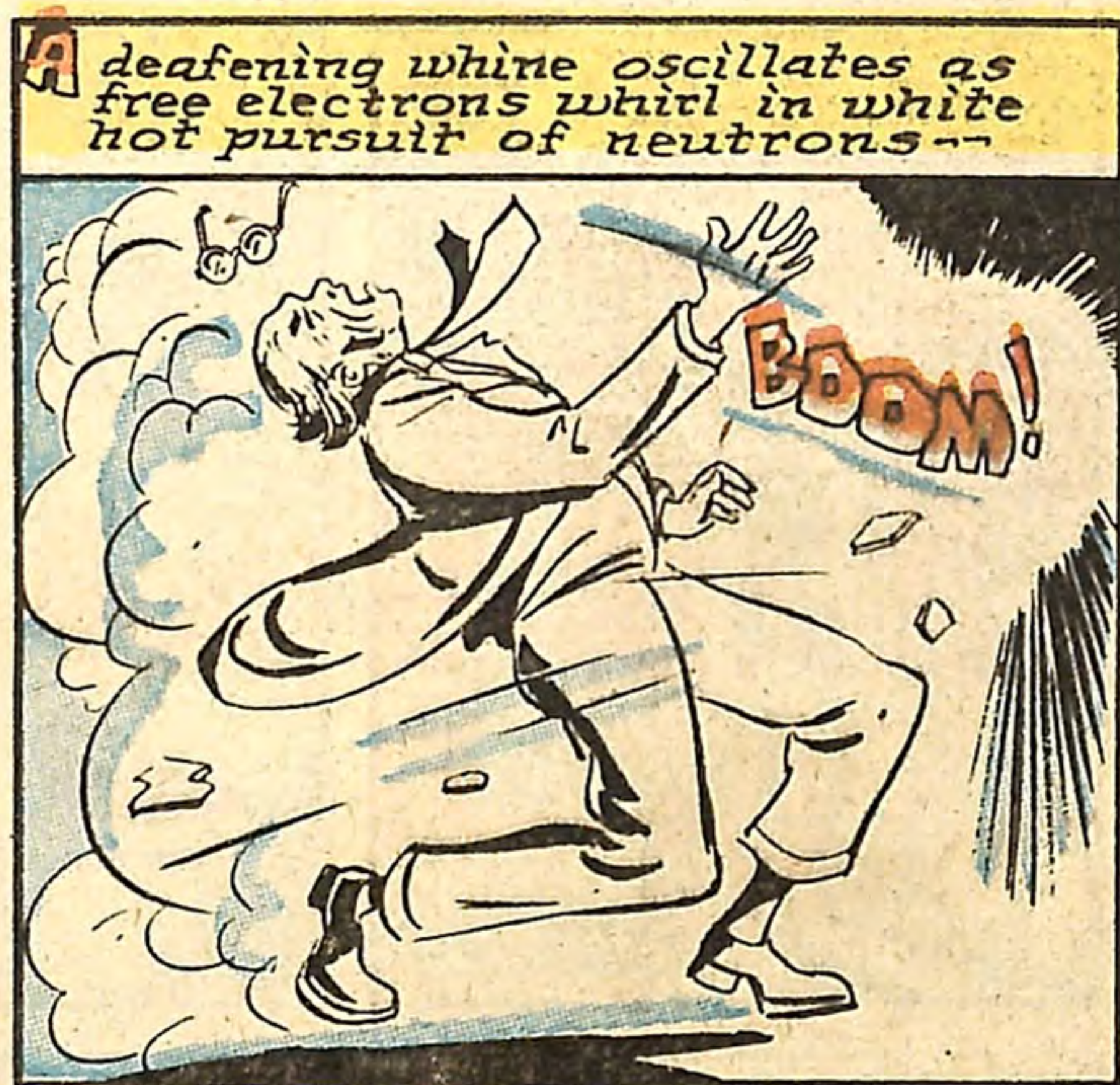
A FEW
HUNDRED
VOLTS WILL
SOFTEN
HIM UP!
HERE GOES!

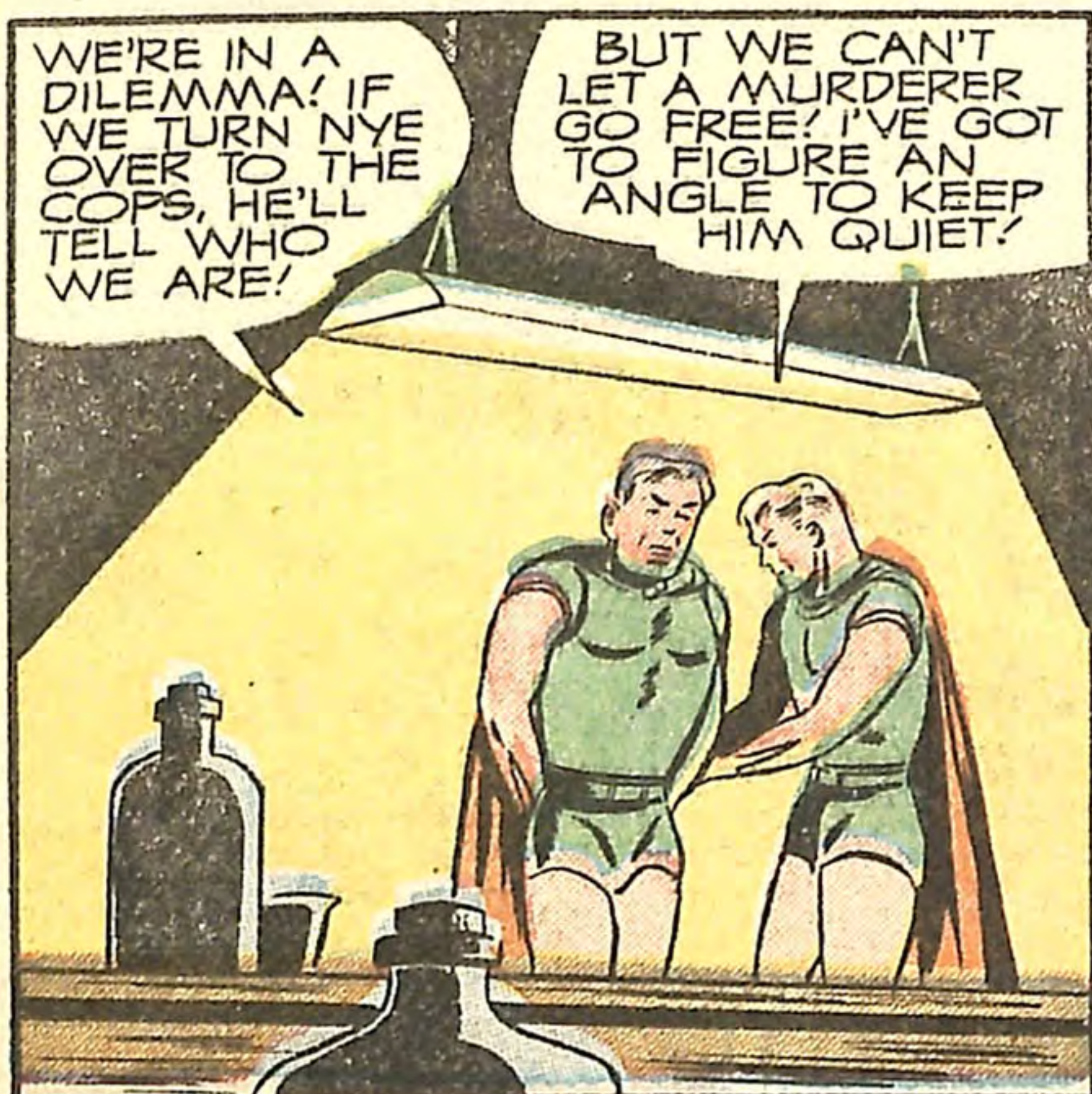


HEY! CUT THAT
CURRENT! YOU
CAN'T BREAK ME!
YOU'RE WASTING
TIME!

WHERE
THE DEUCE
IS DYNAMIC
MAN?







WE'RE IN A DILEMMA! IF WE TURN NYE OVER TO THE COPS, HE'LL TELL WHO WE ARE!

BUT WE CAN'T LET A MURDERER GO FREE! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE AN ANGLE TO KEEP HIM QUIET!



LISTEN, DR. NYE! WE WON'T TESTIFY AGAINST YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO US IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO REVEAL OUR IDENTITIES!

THAT'S FAIR! WITHOUT ANY OF YOUR TESTIMONY THE POLICE CAN'T PROVE THAT I MURDERED EUSTACE!



AND 24 HOURS AFTER THEY RELEASE ME, I'LL HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU, DYNAMIC MAN!

HURRY UP, DOC!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS YEAH, SURE! WATCH ME BEAT THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

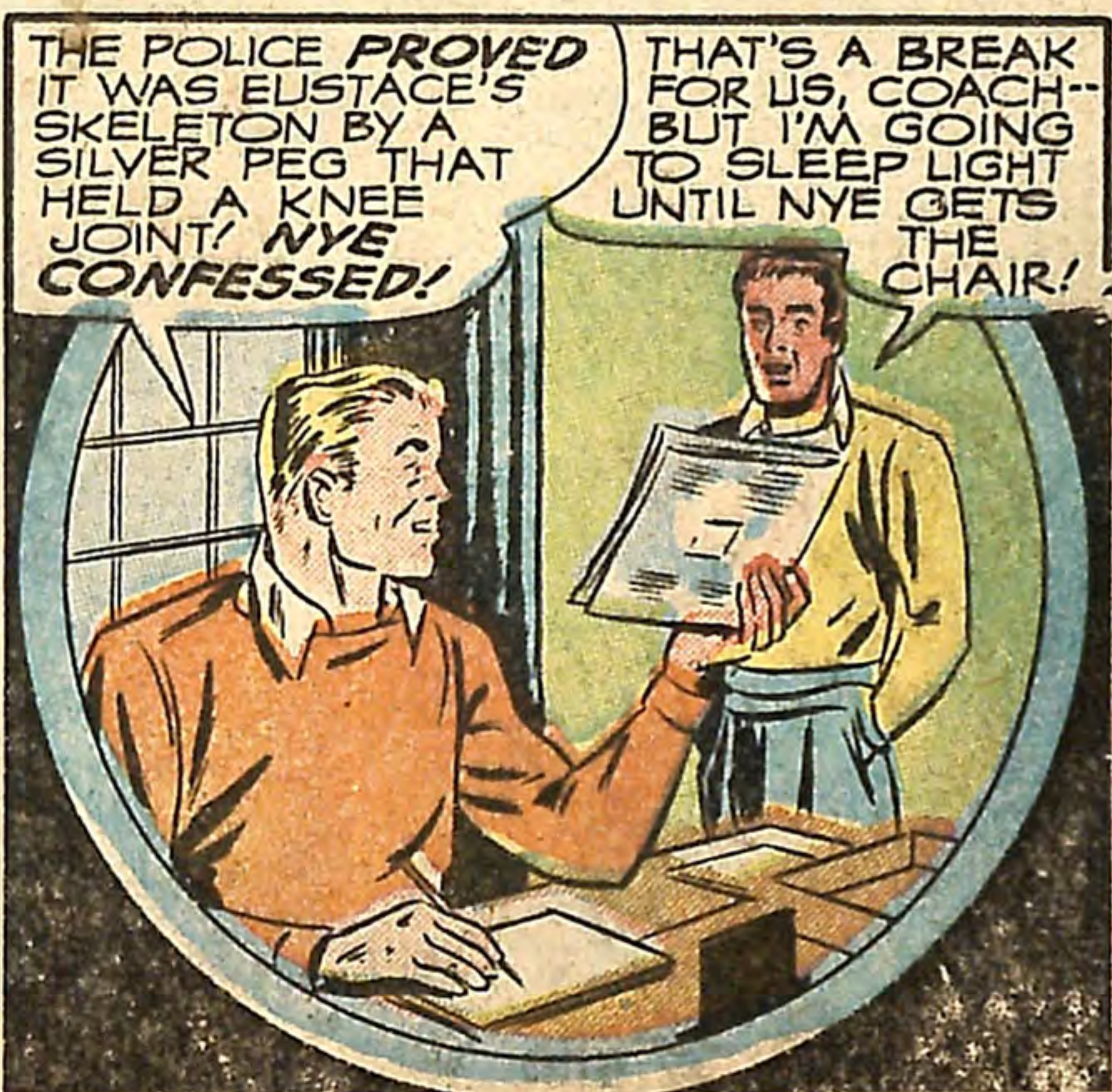


THIS IS DR. CONSTANTINE NYE, SERGEANT! BOOK HIM FOR THE MURDER OF DR. REX EUSTACE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THE EVIDENCE!



WITHOUT REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, NYE WILL BE RELEASED AND START GUNNING FOR US!

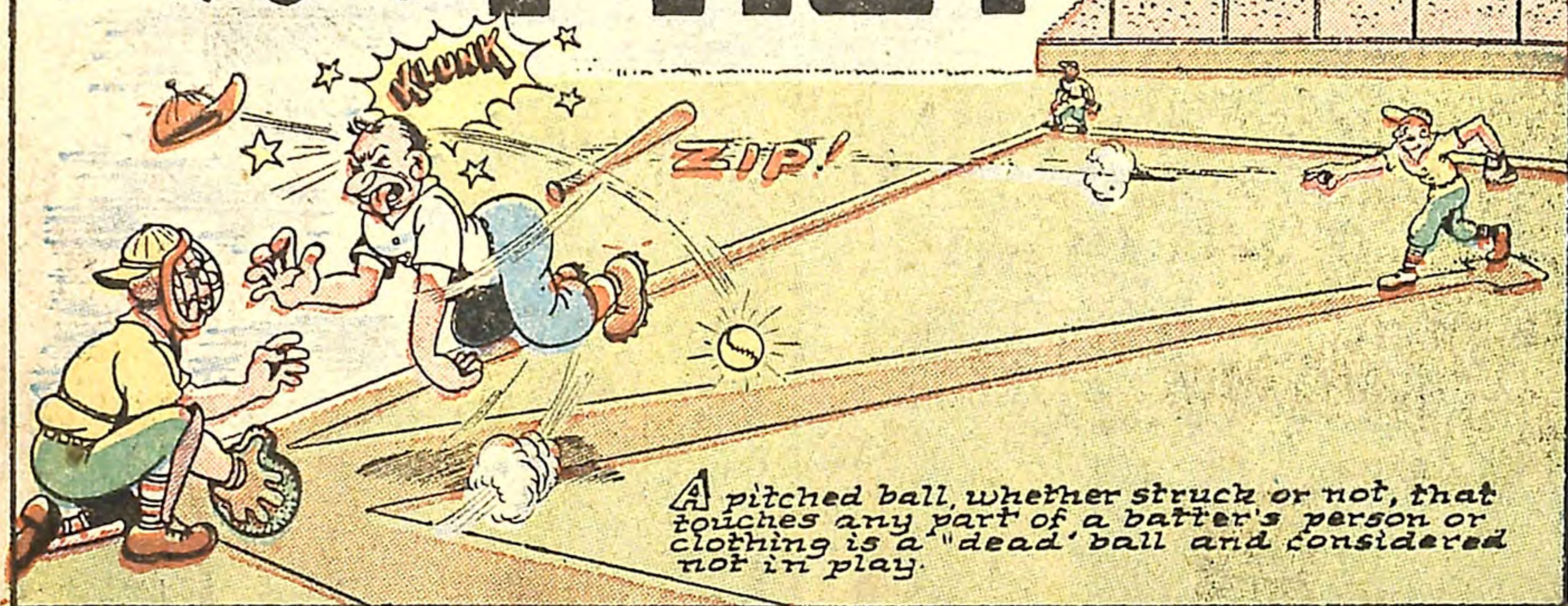
RIGHT, RICKY! WE'RE ON THE SPOT UNLESS NYE IS ARRAIGNED AND HELD FOR TRIAL!



THE POLICE **PROVED** IT WAS EUSTACE'S SKELETON BY A SILVER PEG THAT HELD A KNEE JOINT! **NYE CONFESSED!**

THAT'S A BREAK FOR US, COACH-- BUT I'M GOING TO SLEEP LIGHT UNTIL NYE GETS THE CHAIR!

It's a FACT



A pitched ball, whether struck or not, that touches any part of a batter's person or clothing is a "dead" ball and considered not in play.

A baseball field must be enclosed and the shortest distance between right and left field must be 250 feet.

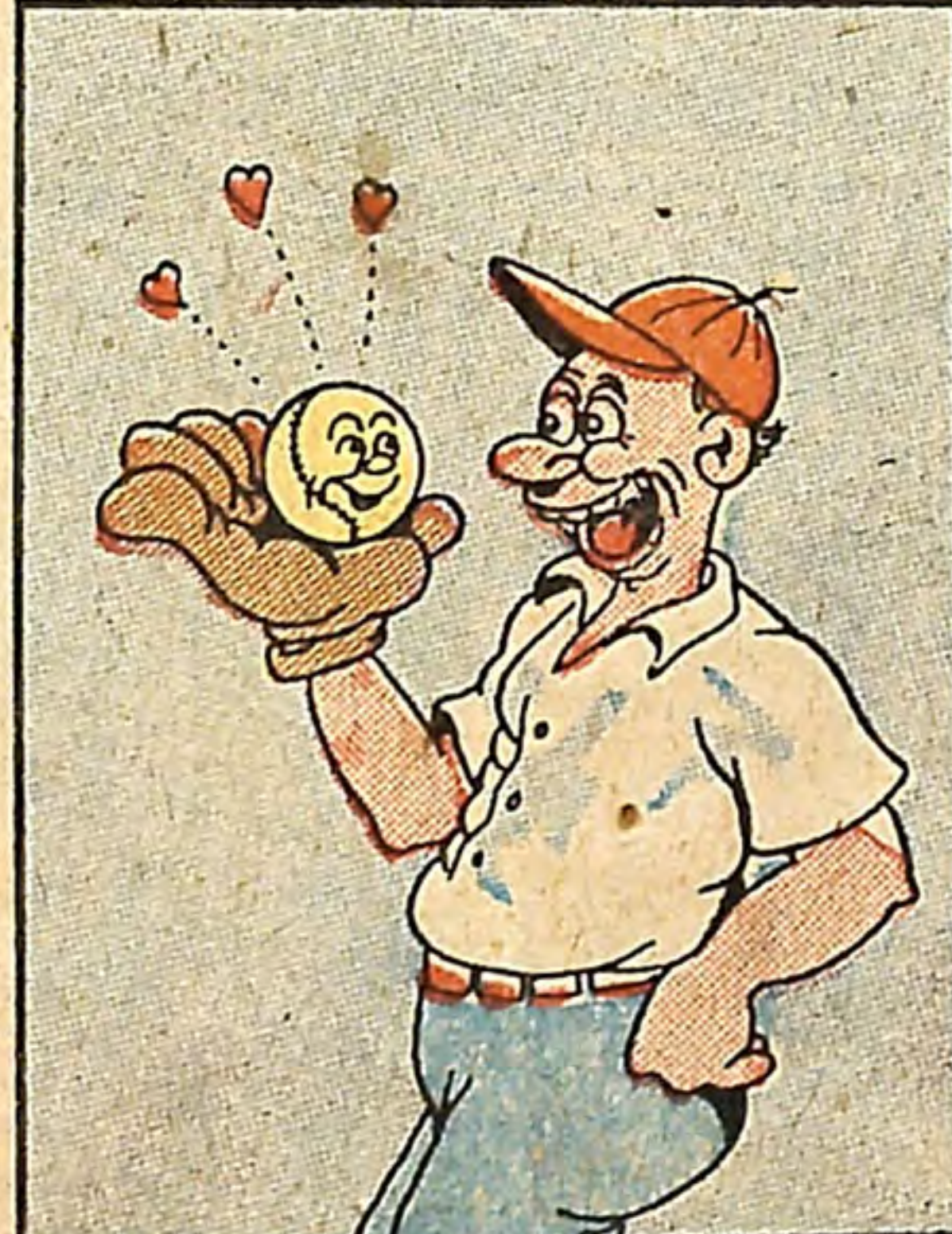


The pitcher's mound must not be higher than fifteen inches above home plate.

Baseballs must weigh not less than 5 ounces or more than $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. They must measure not less than 9 inches or more than $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference.



A bat must not be over $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches at its thickest point and not more than 42 inches in length. Tape or granulated substance may be applied up to 18 inches from the end of the handle.



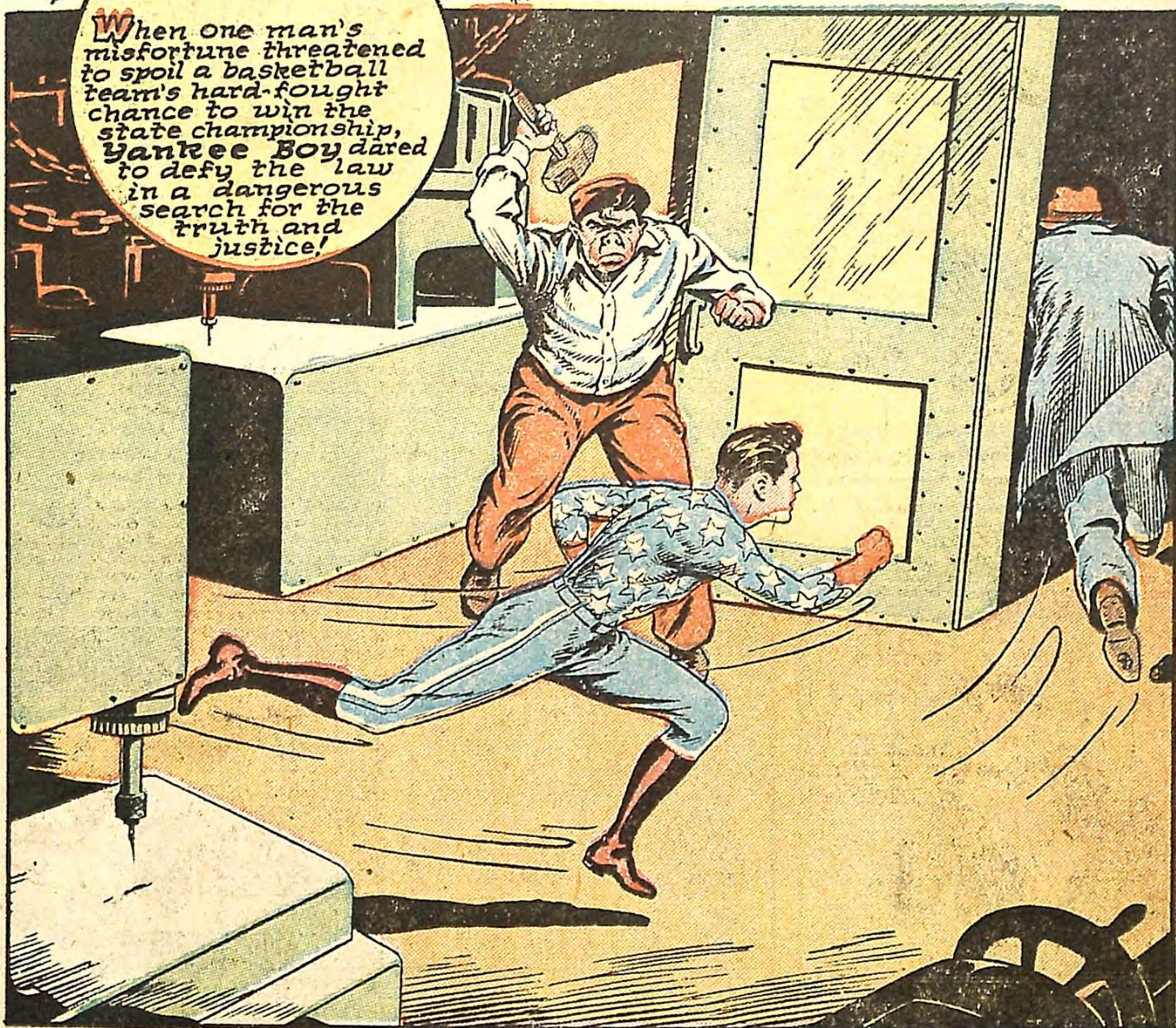
The baseball in play becomes the property of the winning team.

Glass or polished metal buttons cannot be worn on a uniform.



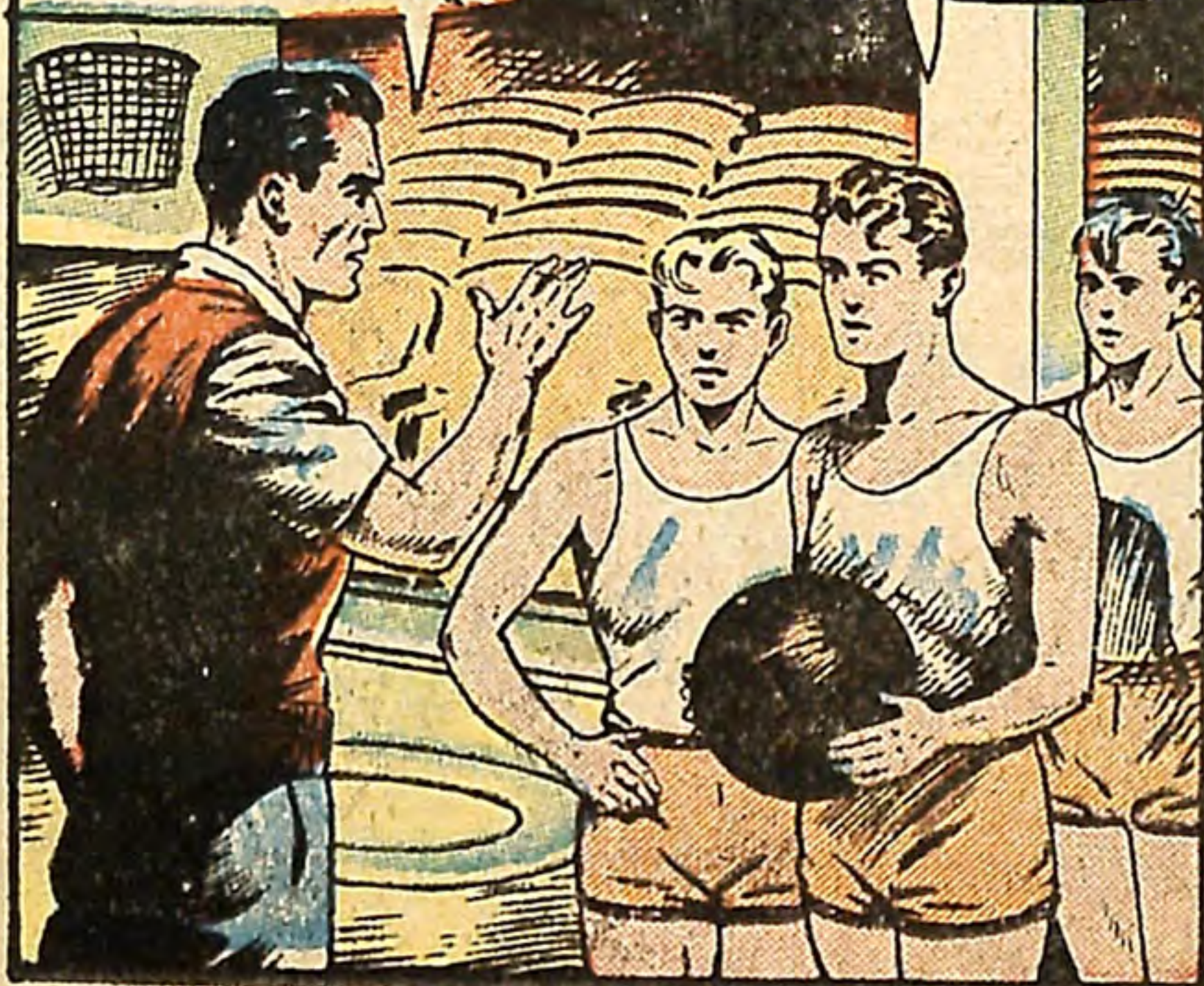
YANKEE BOY

When one man's misfortune threatened to spoil a basketball team's hard-fought chance to win the state championship, Yankee Boy dared to defy the law in a dangerous search for the truth and justice!



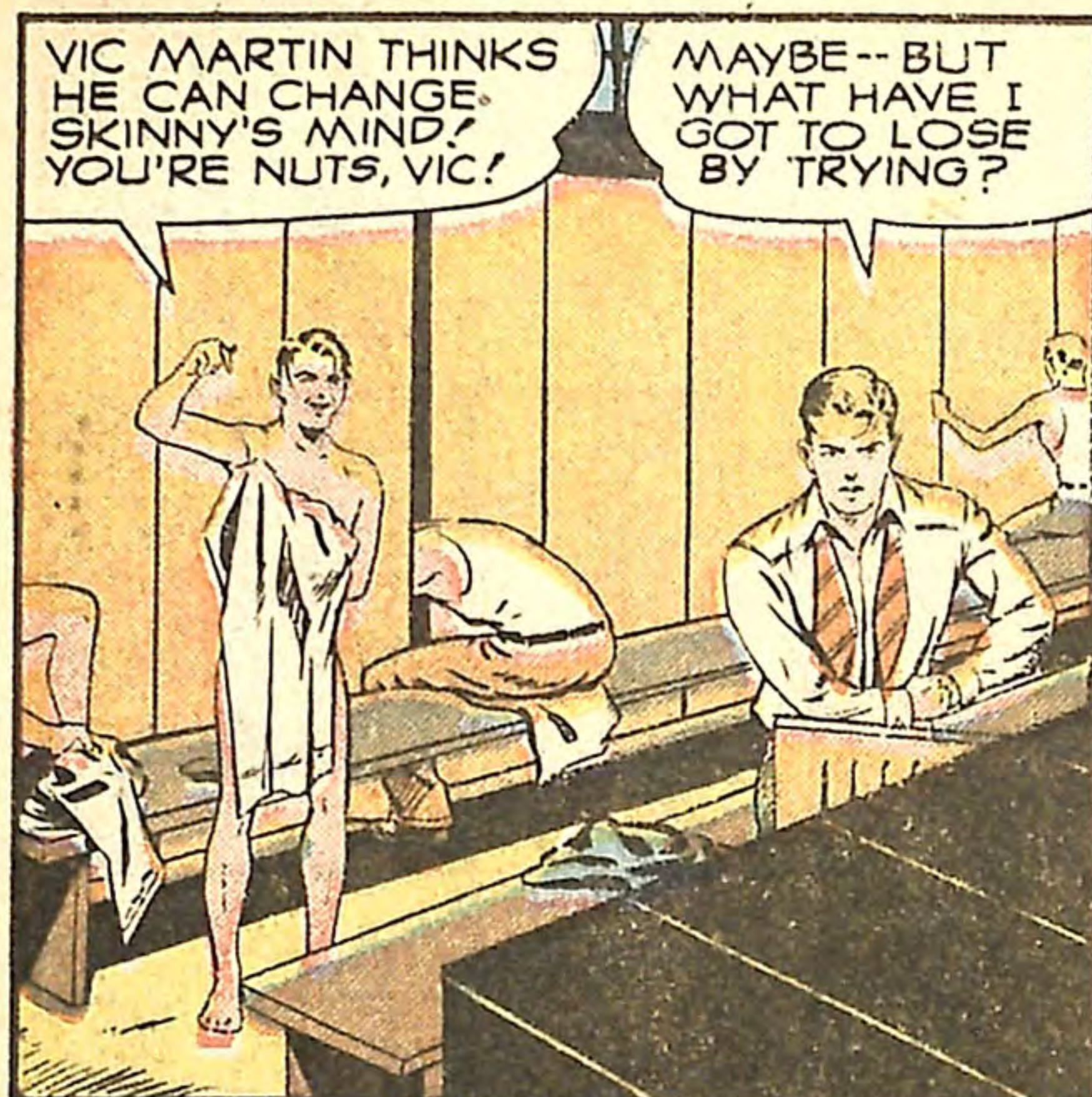
WITH SKINNY OUT OF THE GAME, WE HAVEN'T A HOPE TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

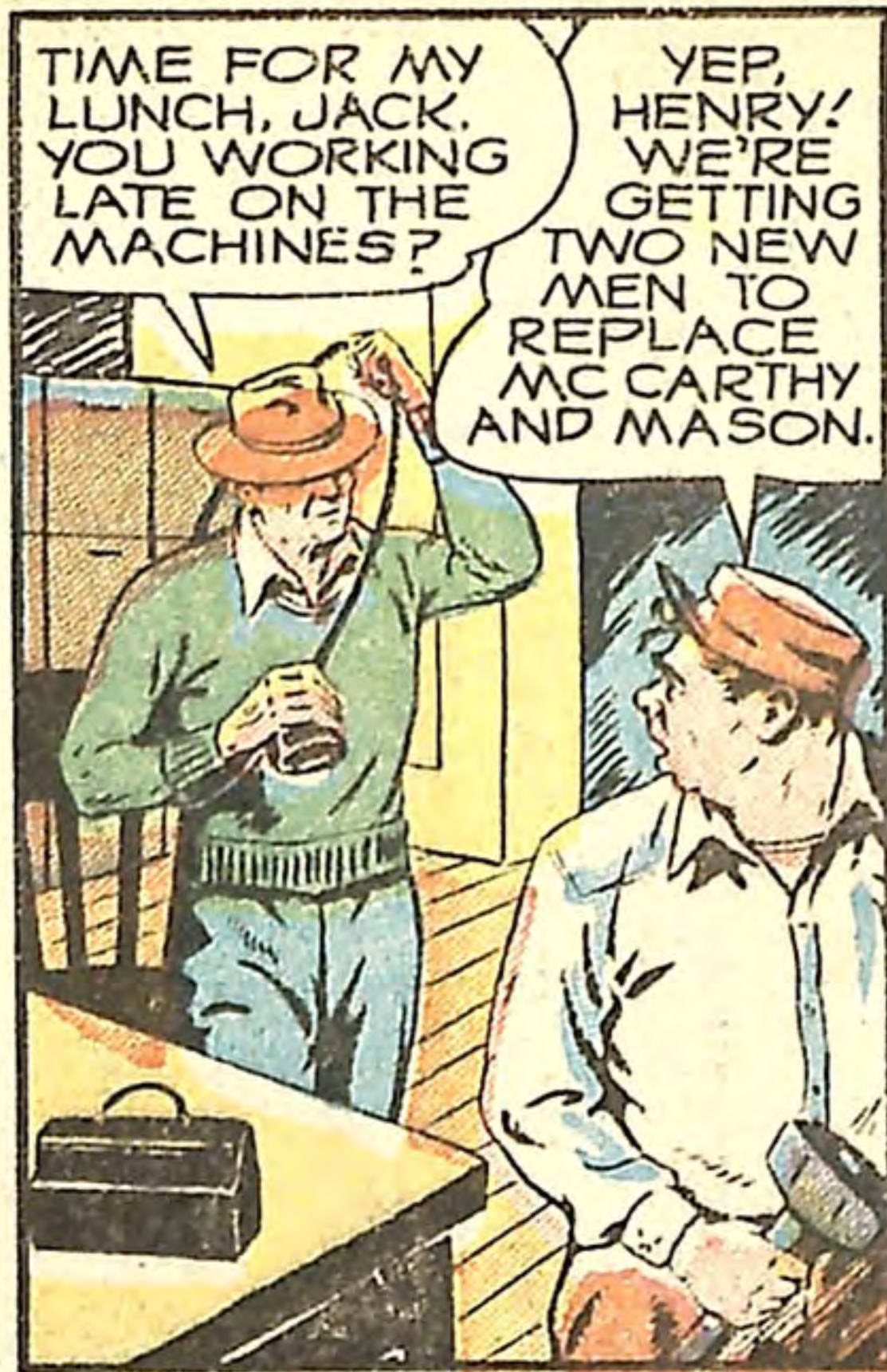
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SKINNY'S POP IS A MURDERER!

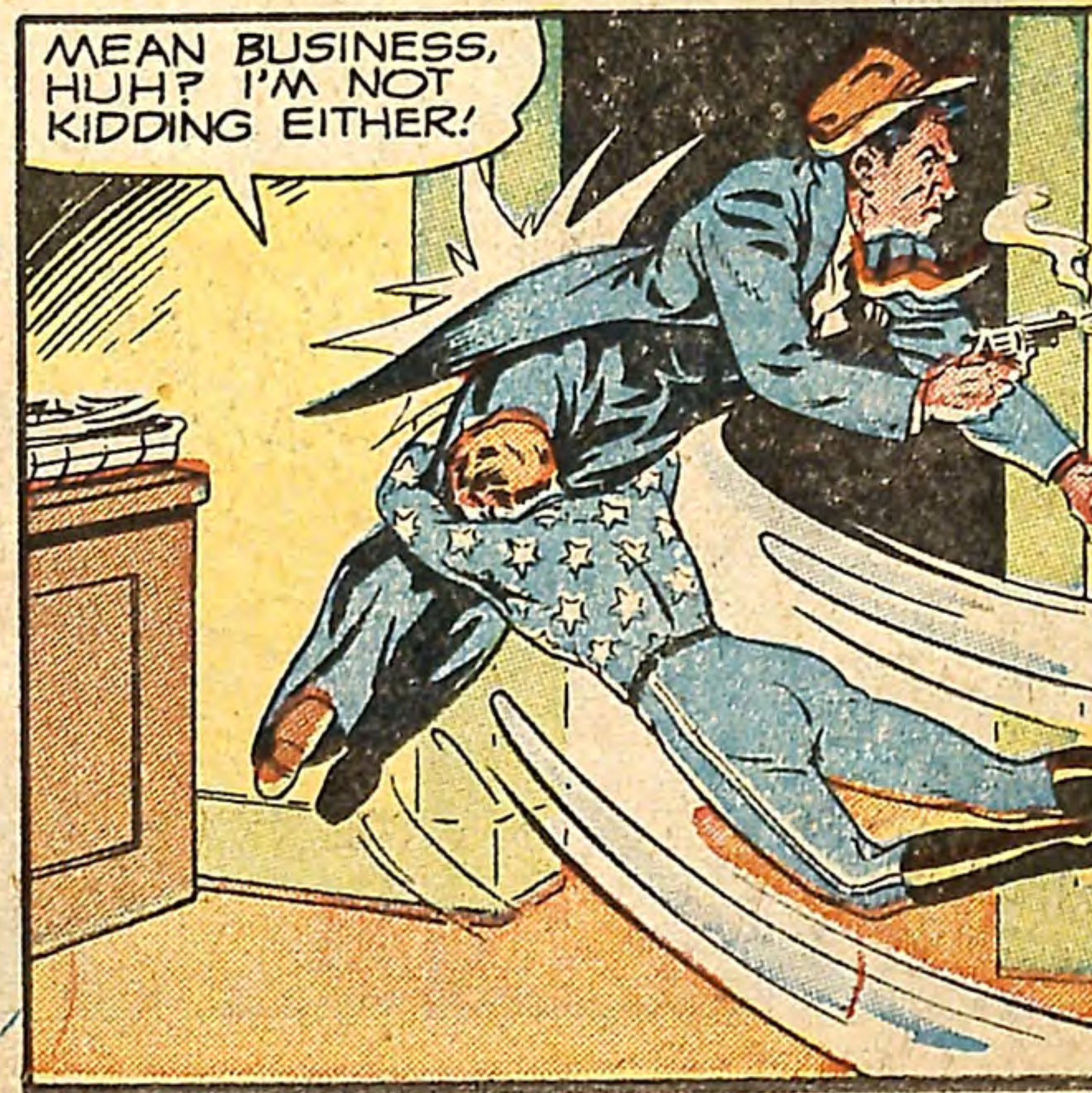


WITHOUT SKINNY ON THE TEAM, WE'RE LIKE A WATCH WITHOUT A MAINSPRING! I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!



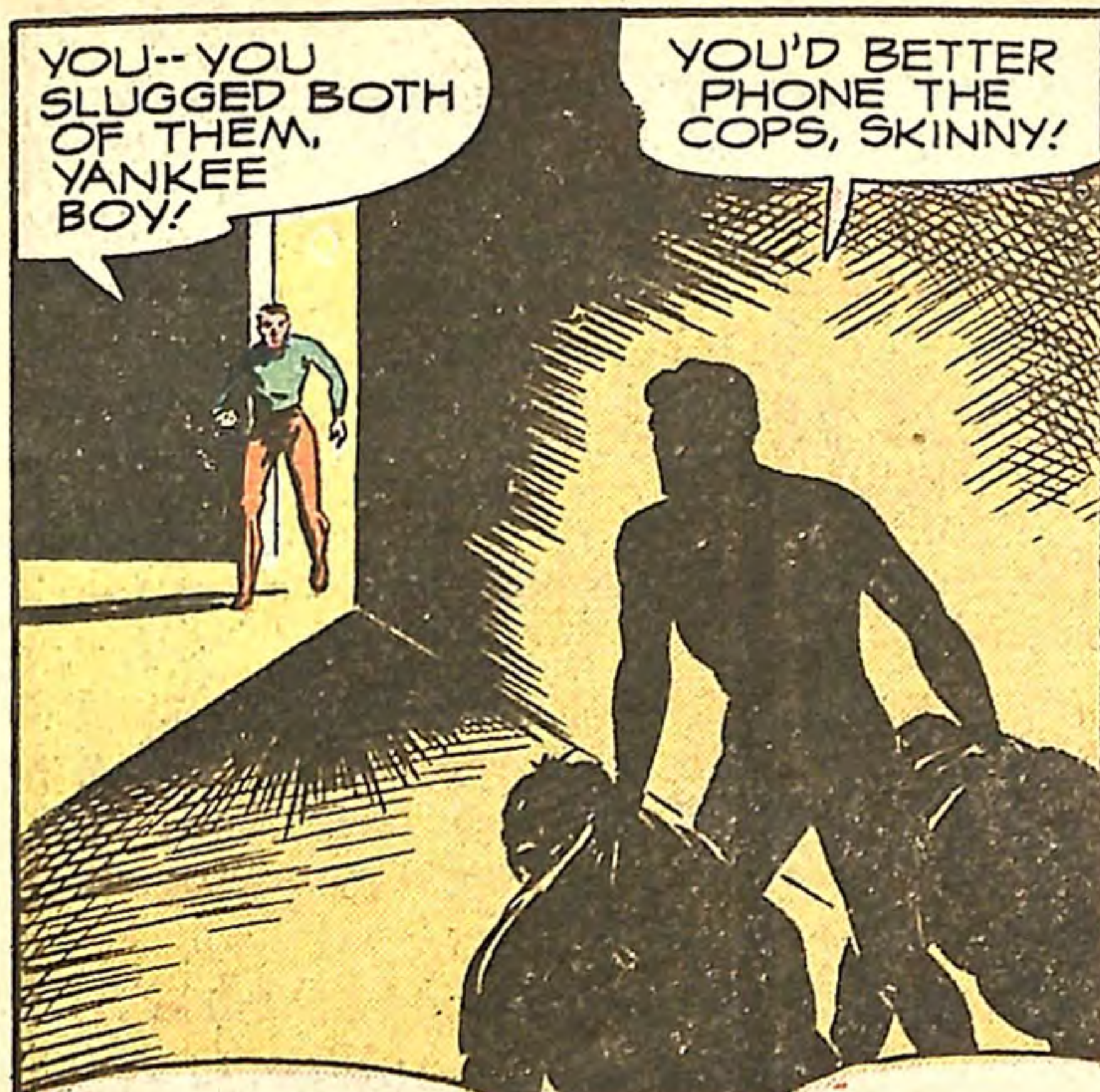












YOU--YOU
SLUGGED BOTH
OF THEM,
YANKEE
BOY!

YOU'D BETTER
PHONE THE
COPS, SKINNY!



GUARD THEM,
SKINNY. I'LL
PHONE. THEY
MIGHT NOT
BELIEVE YOU
BECAUSE OF
YOUR POP!

NO, WAIT! THEY'LL
THROW US IN JAIL!
WE CAN'T PROVE
WHAT THE
FOREMAN SAID!



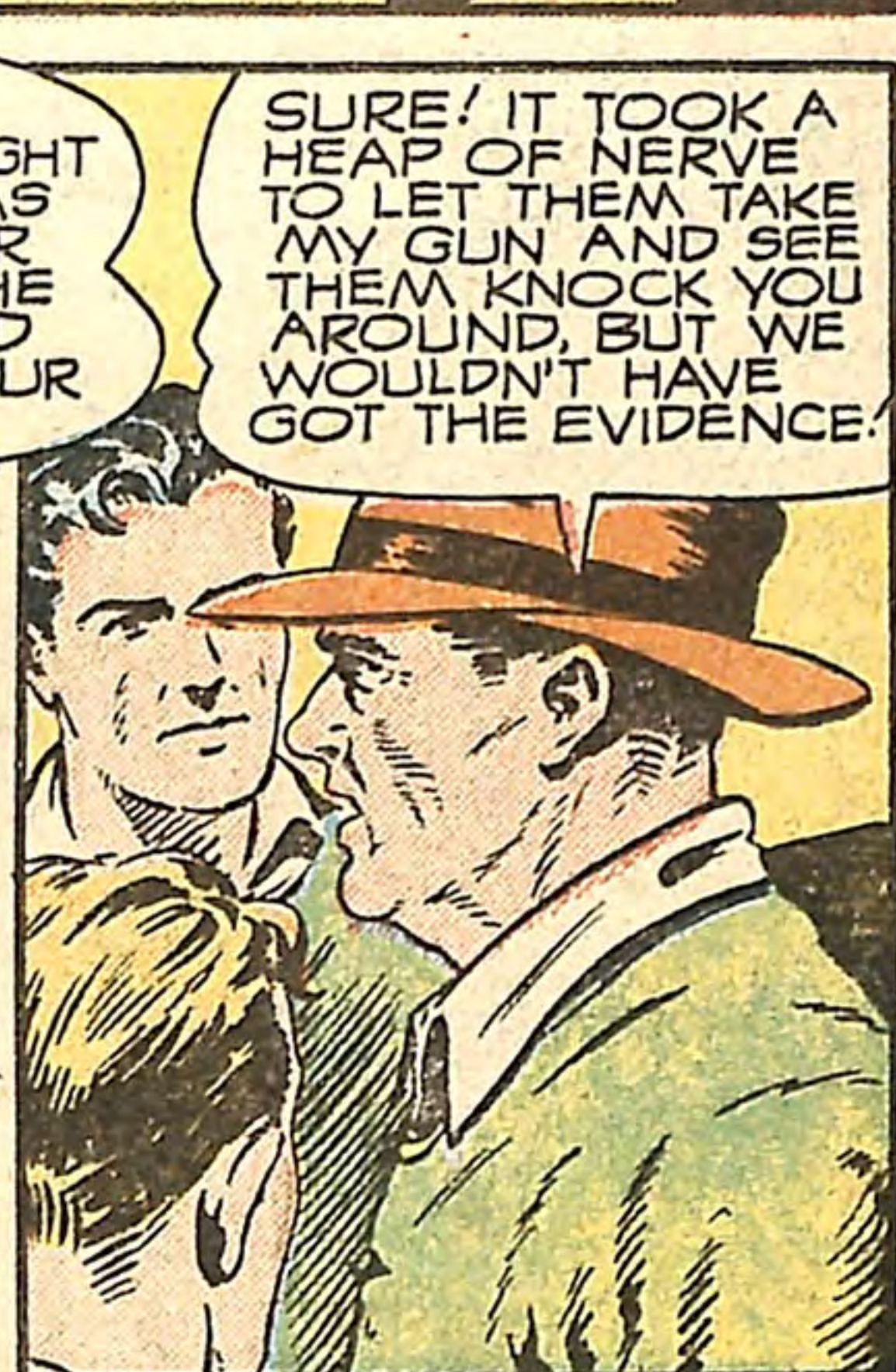
THEY'LL BELIEVE
ME, BOYS!
I'M A RETIRED
POLICEMAN!

THE
WATCH-
MAN! I
THOUGHT
THEY'D
SLUGGED YOU
IN THAT CHAIR!



I SMELLED THE
CHLORAL JACK
PUT IN MY COFFEE,
SO I PRETENDED
IT KNOCKED ME
OUT. I'VE CALLED
THE POLICE!

HEY! I
THOUGHT
IT WAS
QUEER
HOW HE
TRIPPED
OVER YOUR
LEGS!



SURE! IT TOOK A
HEAP OF NERVE
TO LET THEM TAKE
MY GUN AND SEE
THEM KNOCK YOU
AROUND, BUT WE
WOULDN'T HAVE
GOT THE EVIDENCE!



THE BOSS PROBABLY
GAVE JACK HALF
WHAT HE CLIPPED
OFF THE WORKERS'
PRODUCTION BONUSES.
THIS OTHER MAN IS
JACK'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

WHAT--WHERE'S
YANKEE BOY?
HE'S **GONE!**



Three blocks from Vic Martin's home--

I'LL BET THE WATCH-
MAN WILL TAKE TOMORROW
NIGHT OFF TO SEE SKINNY
HELP US WIN THE
CHAMPIONSHIP!

KILLER'S STAND-IN

A CROOK CAN'T PATENT HIS TRADE-MARK

Tim Clayton was a cop and his brother, Pat, had been a cop the week before. The previous Thursday night had been fateful, for the two brothers had gone after a gang who were robbing the First National Bank and Pat Clayton had been killed in cold blood.

Only the efficiency of an expert job told the police it had been Nick Mace and his gang who had robbed the bank. That and the print of Nick's hand in black ink on the outside of the bank's wall. Nick Mace's trade-mark, the signature on all the jobs he did.

Chief Morrissey said to Tim Clayton: "They do a fast job and a clean one and where they hole up we haven't the slightest idea."

Tim replied, "Chief, I see Pat dying every night. I can't stand it any more. I'm turning in my badge. I'm going away. Somewhere. Anywhere." He waited uncertainly a moment, then continued, "I haven't the heart to tell Kitty, Chief. Will you—?"

Chief Morrissey's face hardened. "I sure will, Tim," he said, "and glad I am to tell my daughter *before* she marries you."

In the following three weeks the mark of Nick Mace's gang followed four times in succession. The Bankers' Association was screaming for police protection. Then the following week a lone bandit held up the Graham Company and lifted a twenty-thousand-dollar payroll right out of the hands of the paymaster. It was a clever, fast move. The bandit daringly rubbed his hand over a stamp pad and imprinted the Mace trade-mark directly on the paymaster's face.

The following night an armored car of the Money Transfer Corporation drew up in front of the private banking house of Chambers Brothers. A burly figure with hand in coat pocket stepped quickly from an alley to the curb.

At almost the same time a squat thug followed the first one. Not a word was spoken. The thug in the rear raised a gun and brought it down on the other's head, lifted the fallen man, carried him to a car.

When the unconscious man came to he was lying on the floor of a brightly lighted and fashionable apartment and a heavy-set guy with square jaws held an automatic on him.

The thug who had conked him stood at the side of the room.

"So you're Nick Mace!" the heavy-one growled. "Glad to meet you, Mace. Always wanted to know what I look like." Then he sobered. "What's the gag, anyway, pulling all those jobs in my name?"

"Perhaps you can guess," said the other.

Mace slapped his thigh. "Yeah," he sneered, "I get it. You're the cop whose mug was in the papers!"

"Tim Clayton, Mace. You murdered my brother. Remember?"

"Grab those guns!" Mace ordered the thug.

The thug approached Tim but suddenly tripped backward from a short jab to the ribs. His gun flew out of his hand. Mace fired, but Clayton sensed the move and pulled the thug into the line of the bullet.

As the thug sank Tim Clayton pushed him and he sprawled against Mace. Both thudded to the floor. Clayton, now free, kicked the gun out of Mace's hand.

Mace grabbed Clayton, pulled him down. His hand went into Tim's pocket, found a gun. Tim reached for Mace's hand as the gangster pulled the trigger. Only the click of an empty shell rewarded Mace. Tim Clayton sent a straight one to Mace's chin.

Clayton hauled Mace to his feet and with a deft movement of the fingers of his right hand, snapped a pair of cuffs on the gangster's wrists.

"I've been trying to get you since you murdered Pat," Clayton said with feeling. "I knew you'd show your hand if I kept planting your marks over the town. Now I've got you, I'm giving back all the dough I stole in your name and take my chances with the law."

Mace grimaced and said hatefully, "If your lousy gun hadn't missed fire you'd be on your way to the river by now!"

"My gun didn't miss," Tim told Mace. "It was never loaded. Do you think I'd risk killing someone—even in your name?" He nodded to the door. "Get going toward headquarters. I'm in a hurry. I have a bit of explaining to do to a certain young lady."

ECHO



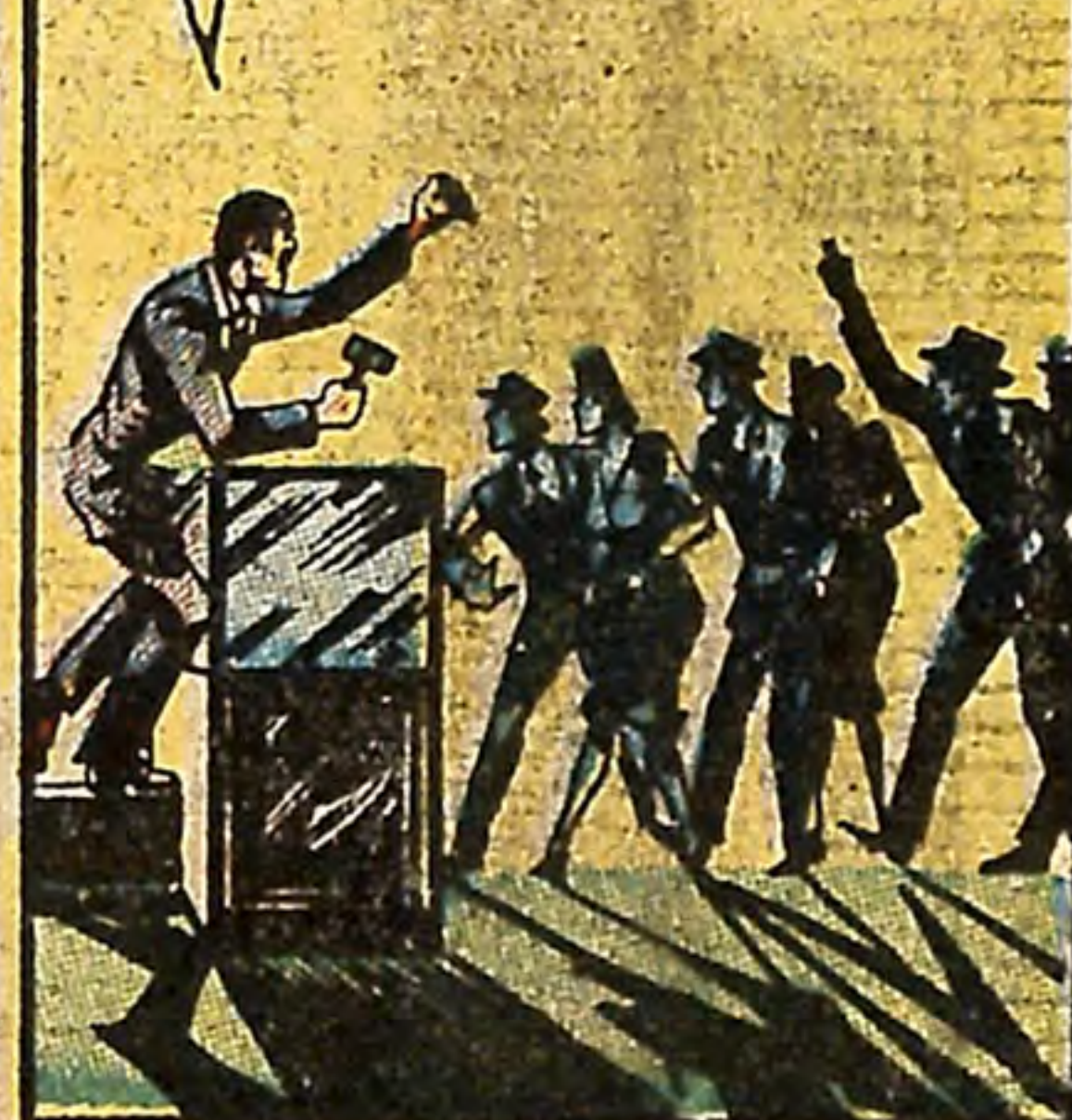
Death came as a surprise bonus to the highest bidders at the palace auction gallery. No one suspected that the motive for murder hinged on that paradoxical stuff the underworld calls "hot ice." But when **The Echo** discovered a rival ventriloquist, the trail led to grim peril!

AND NOW, LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN, HERE IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME! WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS FIVE CARAT DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

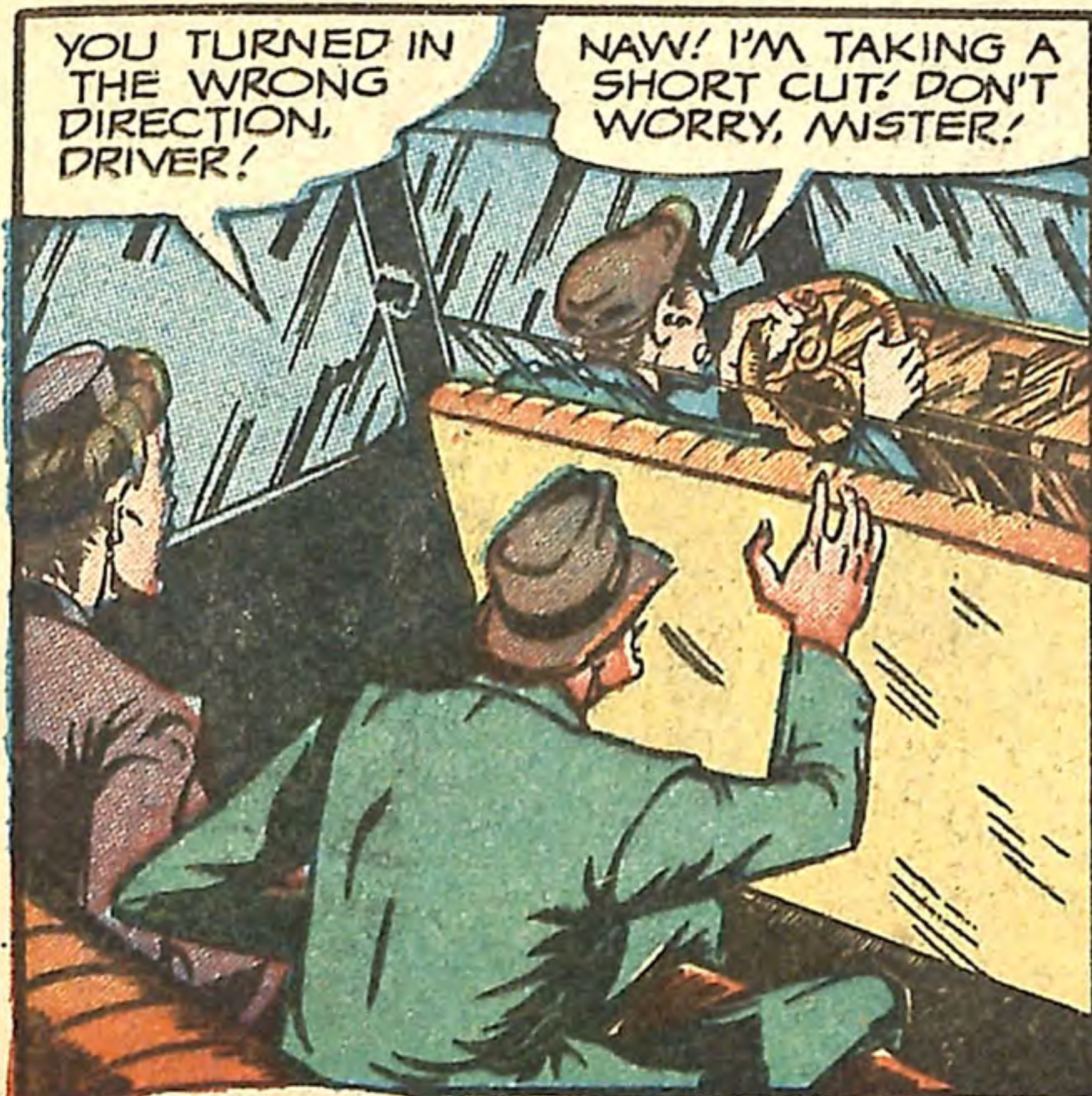
FIFTEEN HUNNERT!

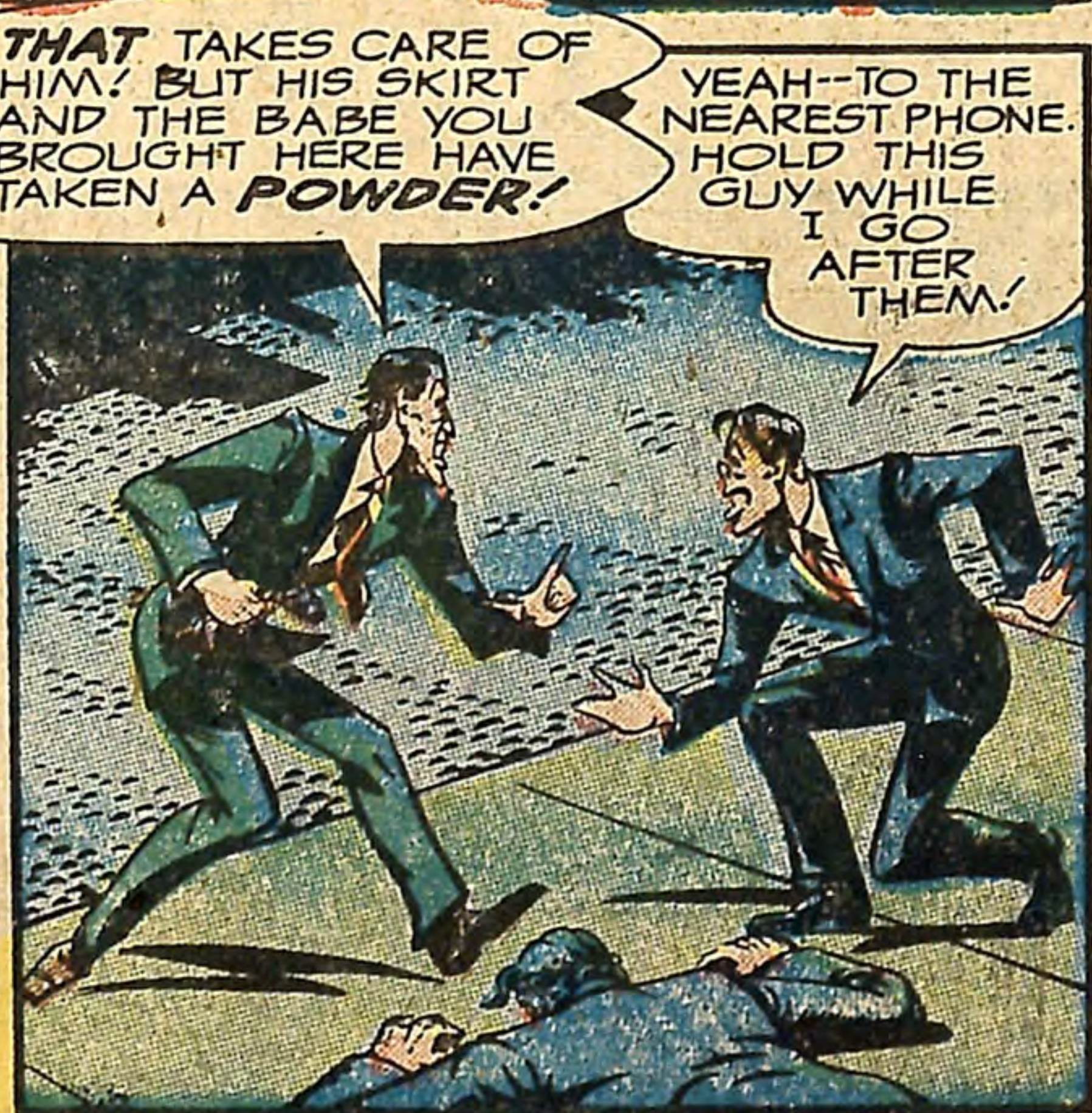
I HEAR FIFTEEN HUNDRED! WHO'LL MAKE IT TWO THOUSAND?

HERE!











EVERYTHING WENT
HAYWIRE, CHINK!
THROW THAT BIRD
IN A BOX. WE'LL
GRAB ALL OUR HOT
ICE AND BLOW!

FIRST I BLOW
THIS GUY'S
BRAINS OUT.
HE GUMMED
UP MY GETTING
THAT FIVE CARAT
ROCK BACK!



HERE, CHINK! USE
THIS! IT'LL DO
A NEATER JOB!

HUH?



TOUGH LUCK, CHINK!
BUT IT WAS YOUR
OWN FAULT!



THAT SHOT MADE
TOO MUCH NOISE,
CHINK. I'M TAKIN'
THIS GAL IN THE
CAR. SHE'S GONNA
TELL US WHO PUT
HIM WISE TO
OUR RACKET!

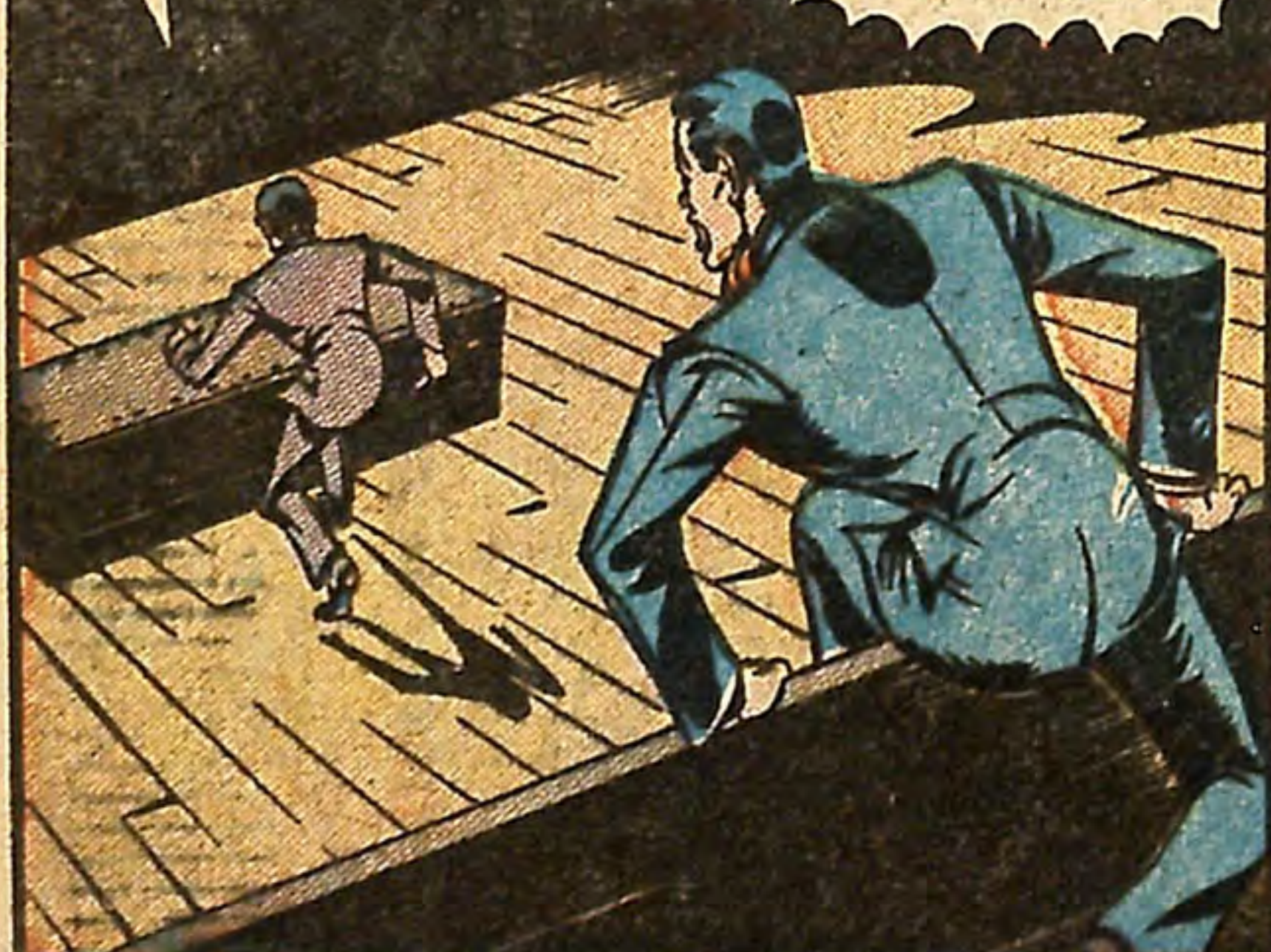


LAST SHOT! I'LL HAVE
TO STRING HIM
ALONG! CORA MUST'VE
PHONED DOC BEFORE
SHE CAME
BACK HERE!



THAT WON'T HOLD
HER! I NEED
SOME MORE
NAILS!

I'VE GOT
NAILS HERE,
BOSS! WAIT!
I'LL BRING
'EM OVER!



CHINK'S VOICE SOUNDS
STRANGE, AND HE NEVER
CALLS ME BOSS.
SOMETHING'S
GONE SCREWY!





KICK YOUR WAY OUT, CORA! DOC MUST'VE BEEN DELAYED.

YOU!
HOW'D YOU...?



YOUR MAN COUNTED ME OUT. I FOXED HIM, DIDN'T I?

A DIRTY DOUBLECROSS— BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!



IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE TO CARVE OUT YOUR HEART, WISE GUY!

CORA! JUMP HIM!
HE TRIPPED ME!



HOLD IT, BOSS!
YOU PROMISED ME A GRAND FOR RUBBING HIM OUT! I **NEED THE DOUGH!**

HULLY!
HOW'D YOU GET AWAY FROM THE COPS?



THAT WAS MY VOICE, NOT HULLY'S! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN I'M A VENTRILOQUIST?



WHY DIDN'T HULLY TELL ME THAT GUY COULD THROW HIS VOICE?

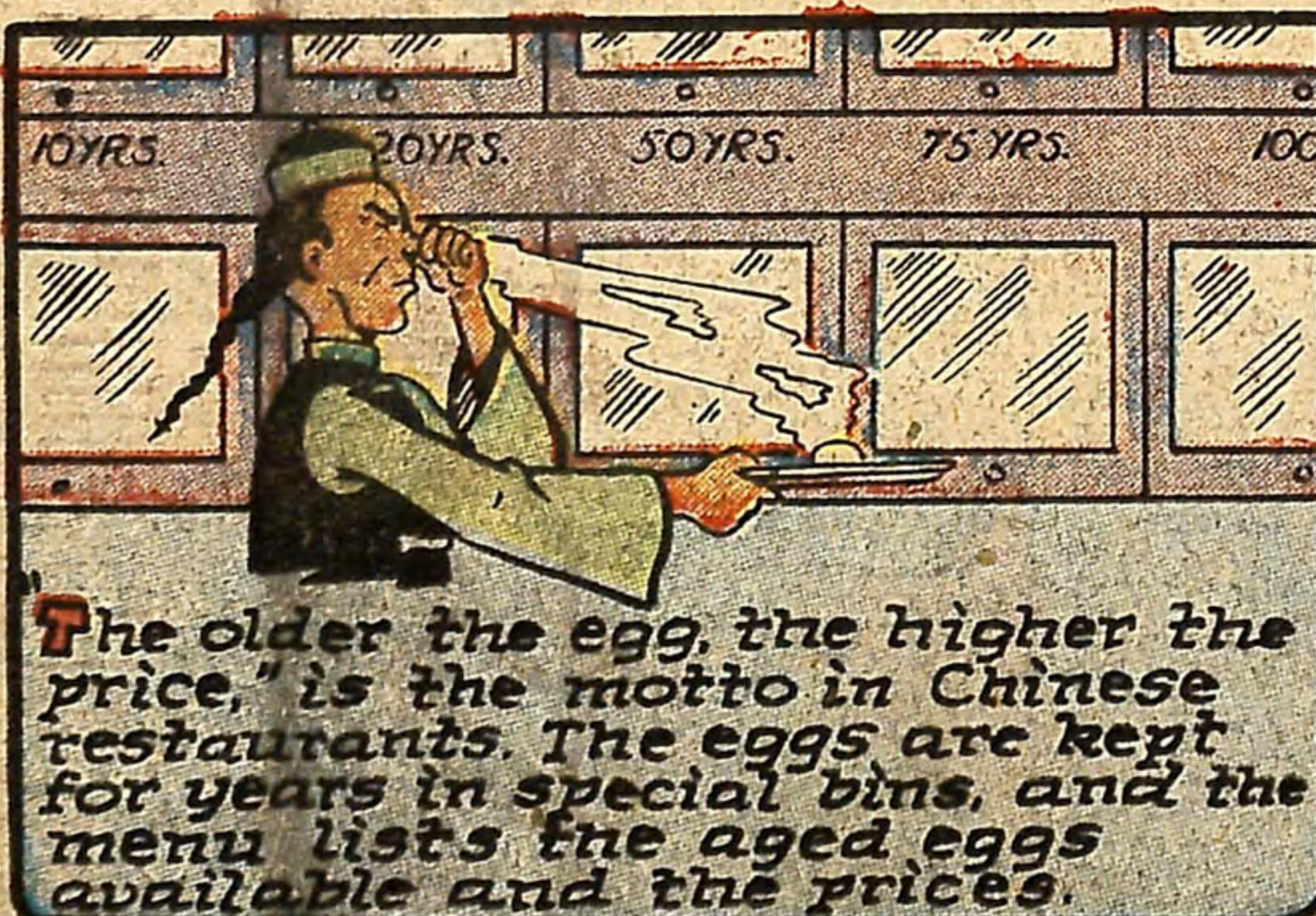
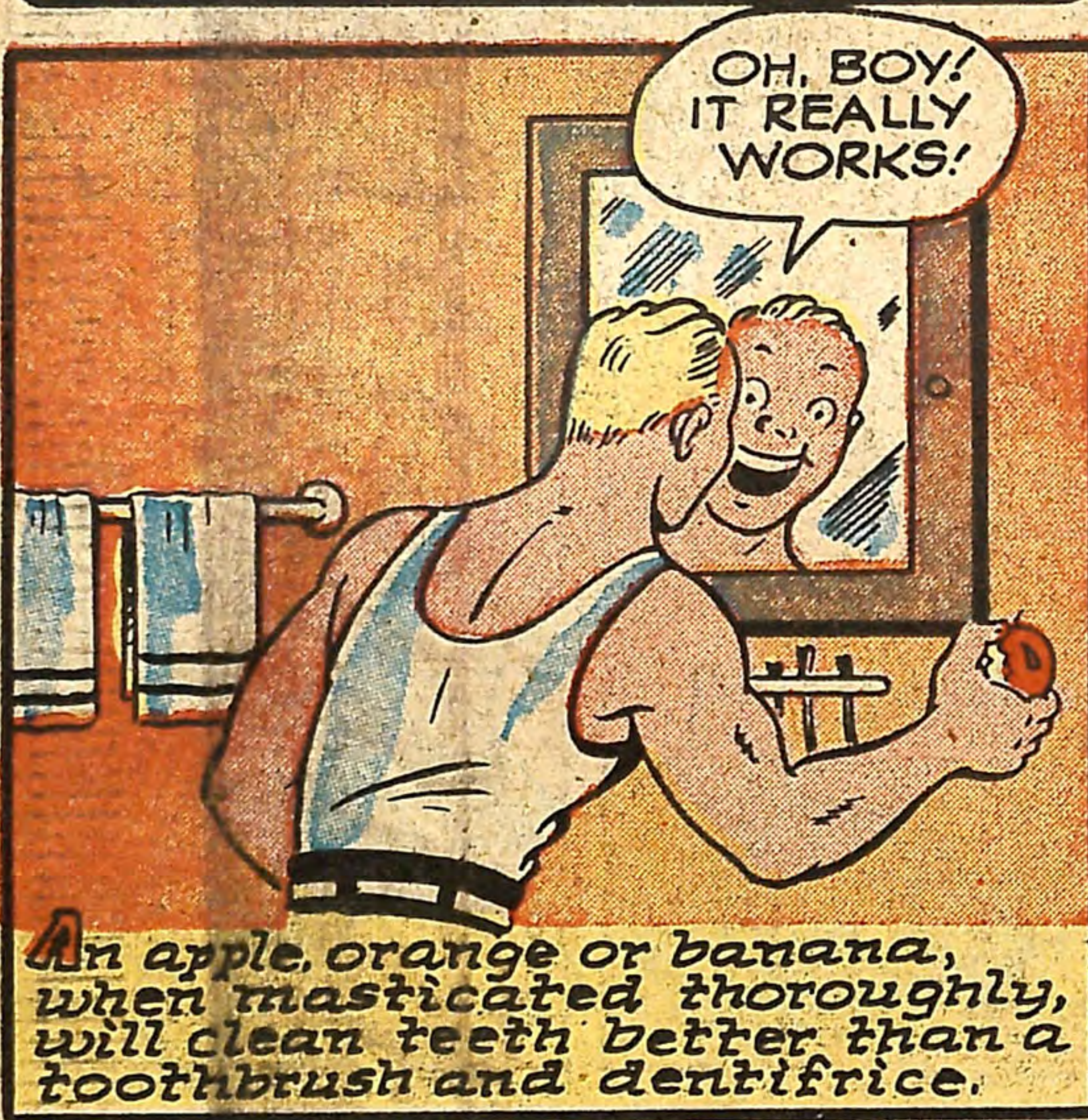
BECAUSE HULLY'S IN THE **CLINK--** WAITIN' FOR YOU TO GO TO THE CHAIR WITH HIM!



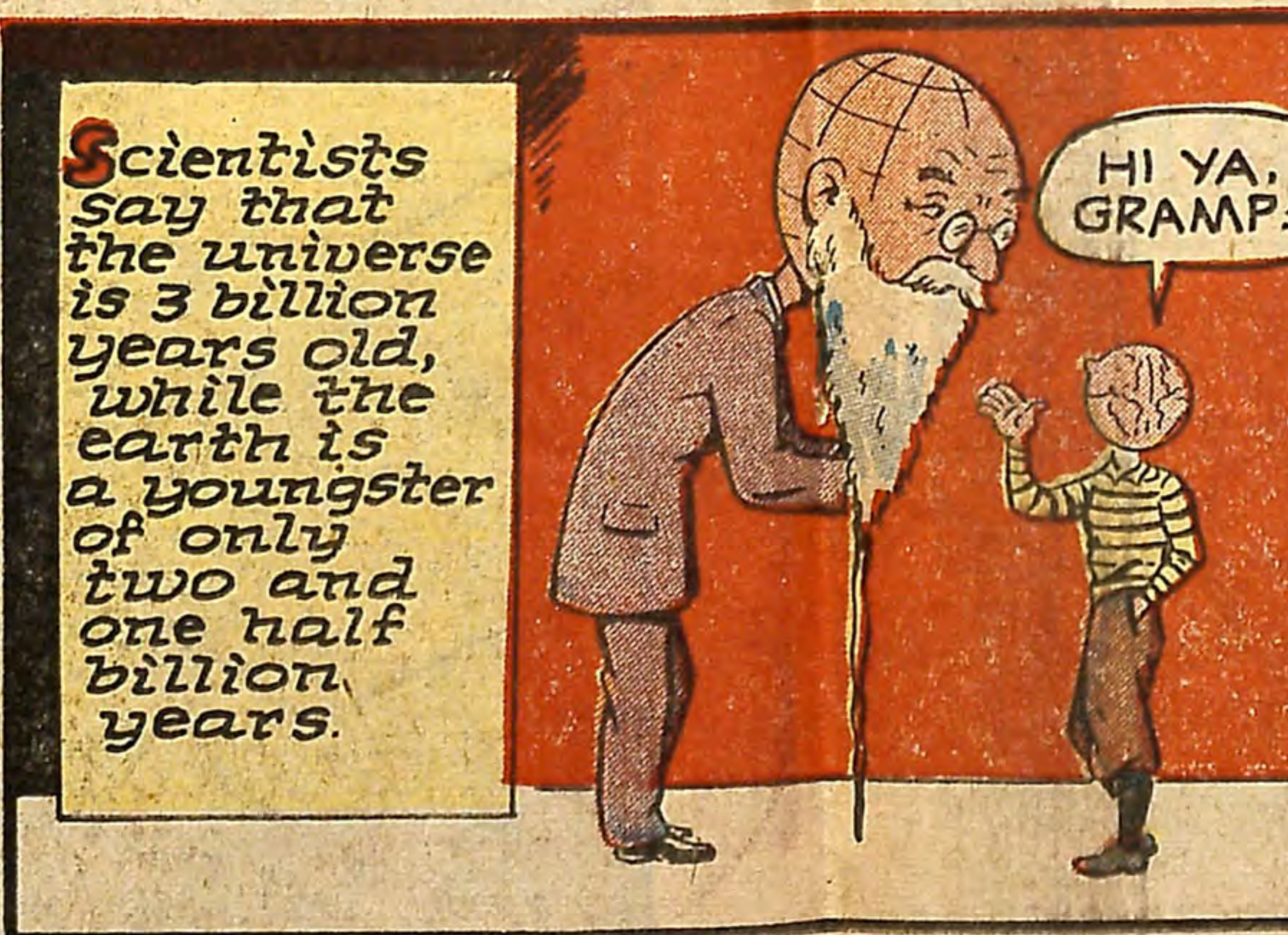
GOSH, ECHO. I BROKE OUT OF THE CASKET TOO LATE TO HELP YOU!

AND I 'DIDN'T ARRIVE WITH THE POLICE TOO SOON FOR ECHO TO FINISH THE JOB ALONE!

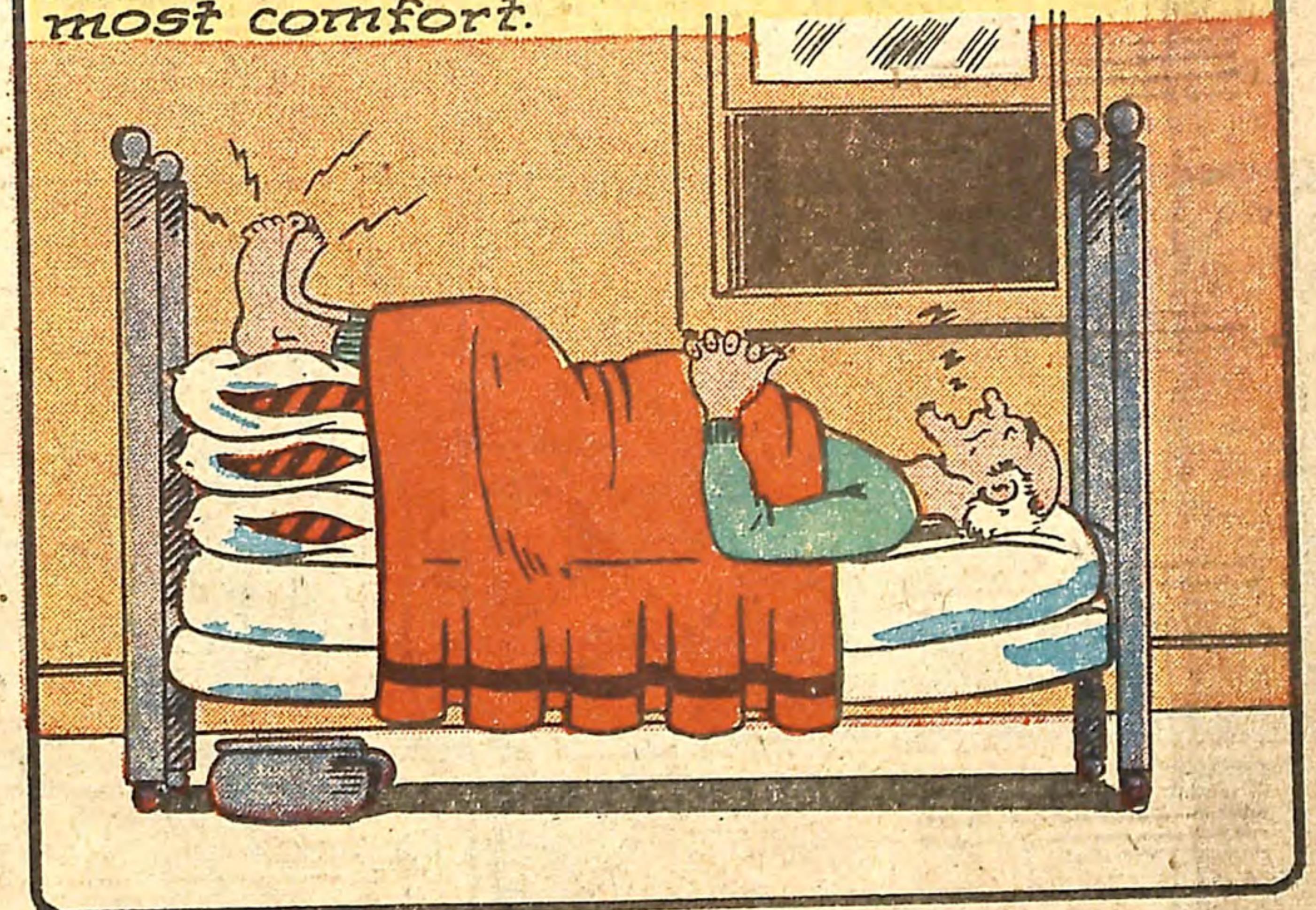
It's the TRUTH



The word **intoxicate** is derived from the Greek word **toxicor**, which was a poison applied to the tips of arrows. It literally means "shot with a poisoned arrow-hence the word "shot" for liquor.

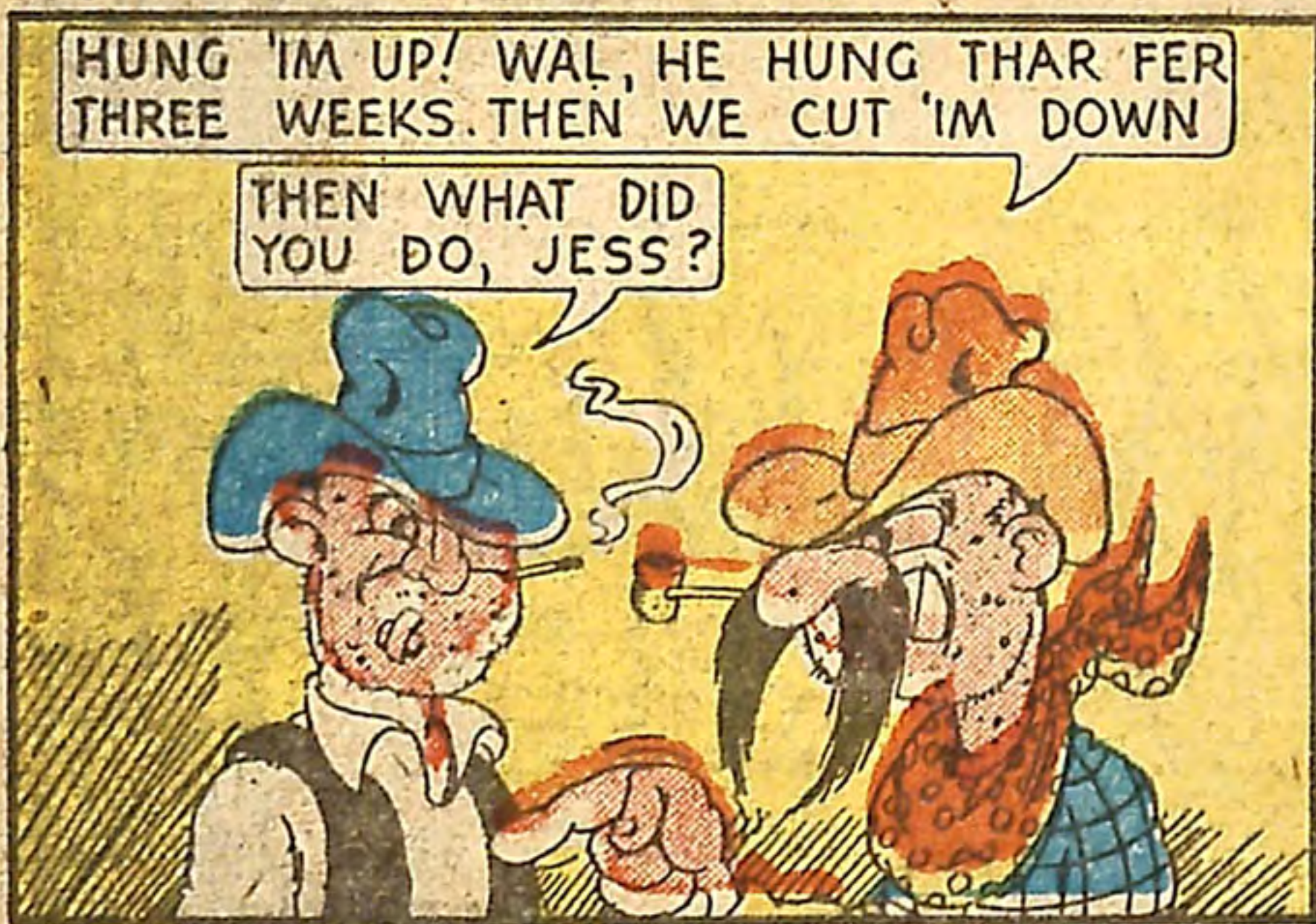
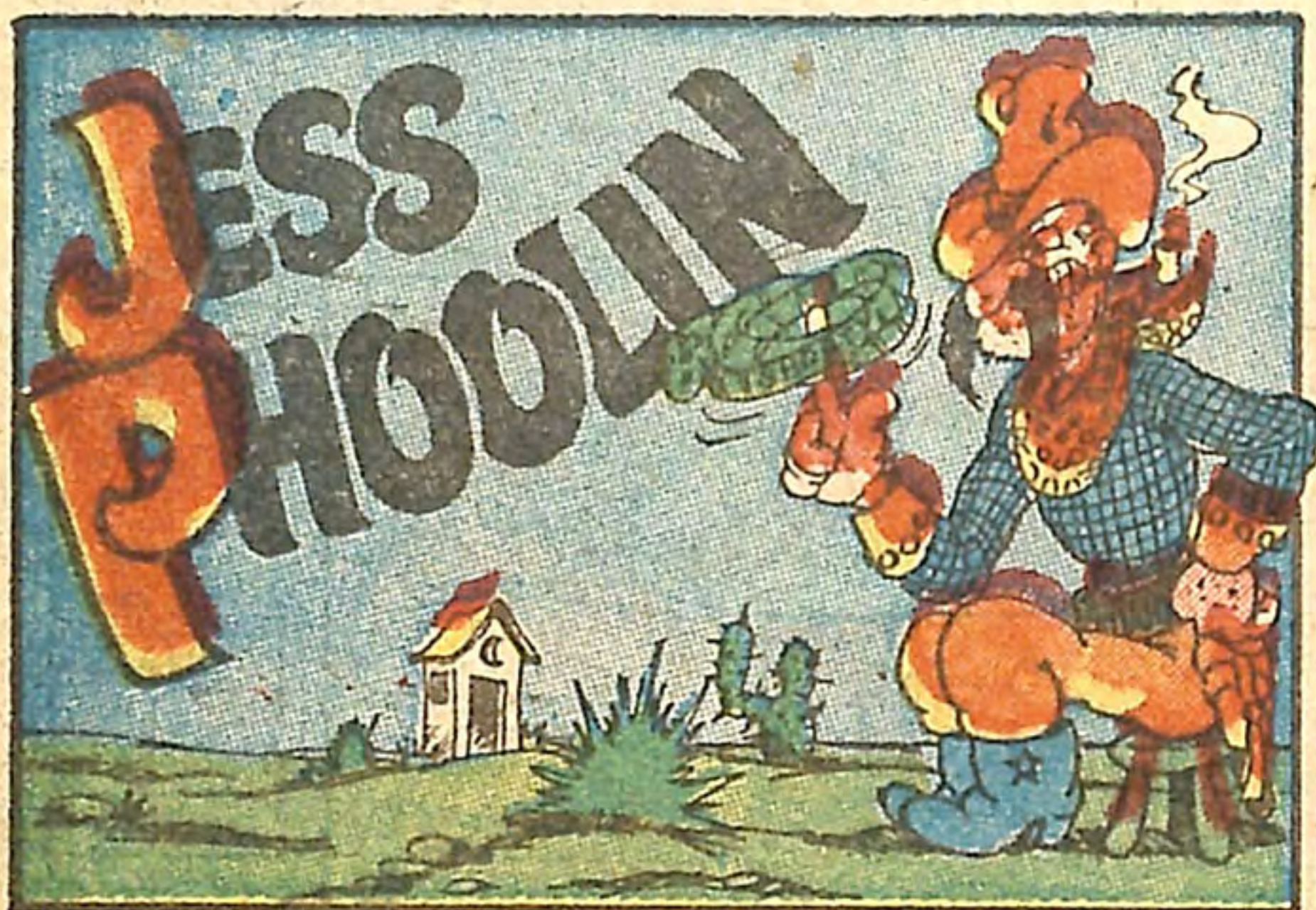


European peasants used to sleep with their feet on pillows. They reasoned that their feet did the most work and therefore were entitled to the most comfort.



Blue eyed men make the best rifle shots! The experts claim that blue eyes are not as affected by shifting lights, shadows or drifting clouds as brown eyes.

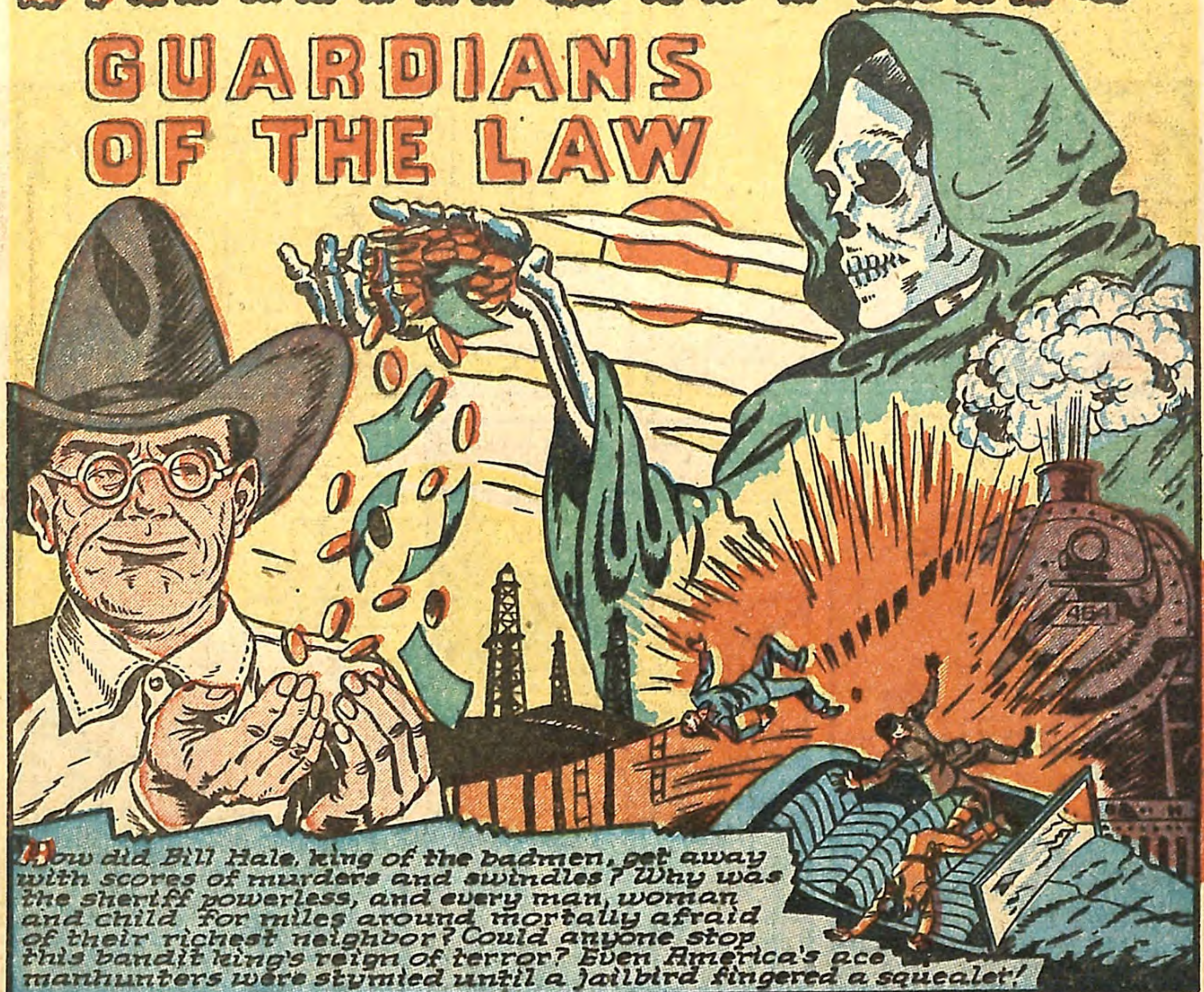




Bins/Cole/Schumacher?

MANHUNTERS

GUARDIANS OF THE LAW



How did Bill Hale, king of the badmen, get away with scores of murders and swindles? Why was the sheriff powerless, and every man, woman and child for miles around mortally afraid of their richest neighbor? Could anyone stop this bandit king's reign of terror? Even America's ace manhunters were stymied until a jailbird fingered a squealer!

One night, a stranger sneaks into Fairfax, Oklahoma--



OPEN UP, UNCLE BILL! IT'S ME--ERNIE BURKHART! I JUST SKIPPED OVER THE LINE FROM TEXAS!

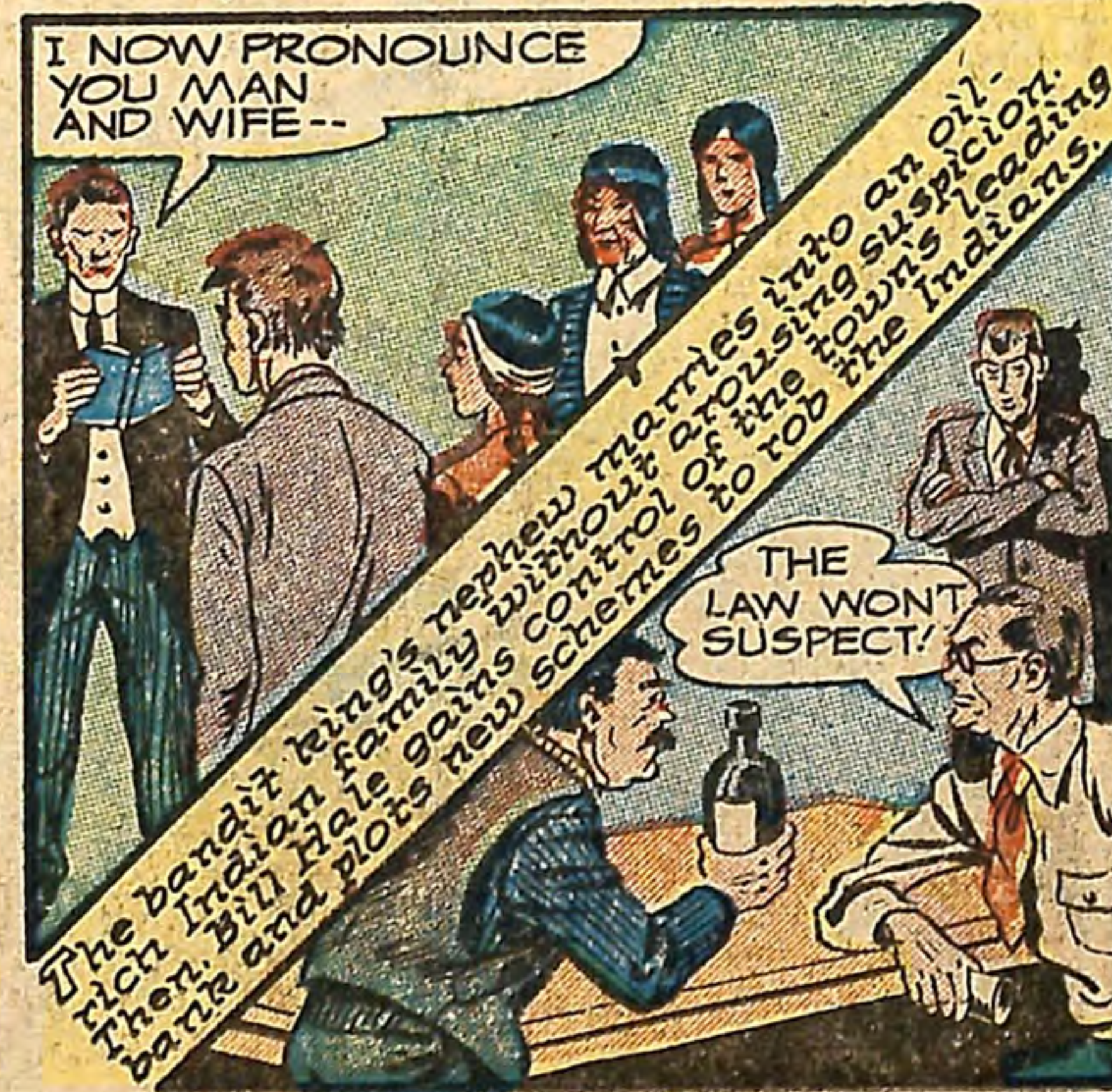


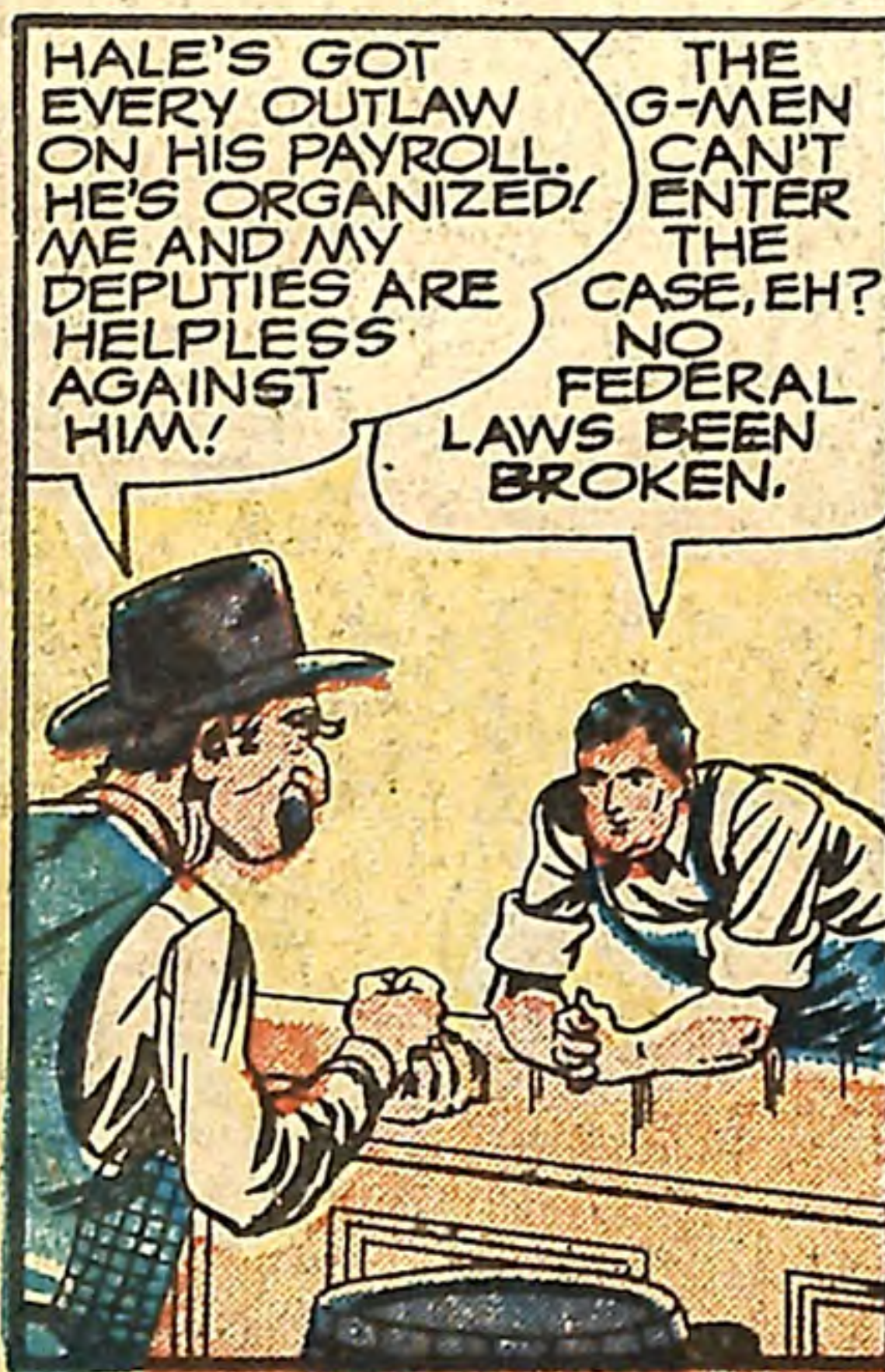
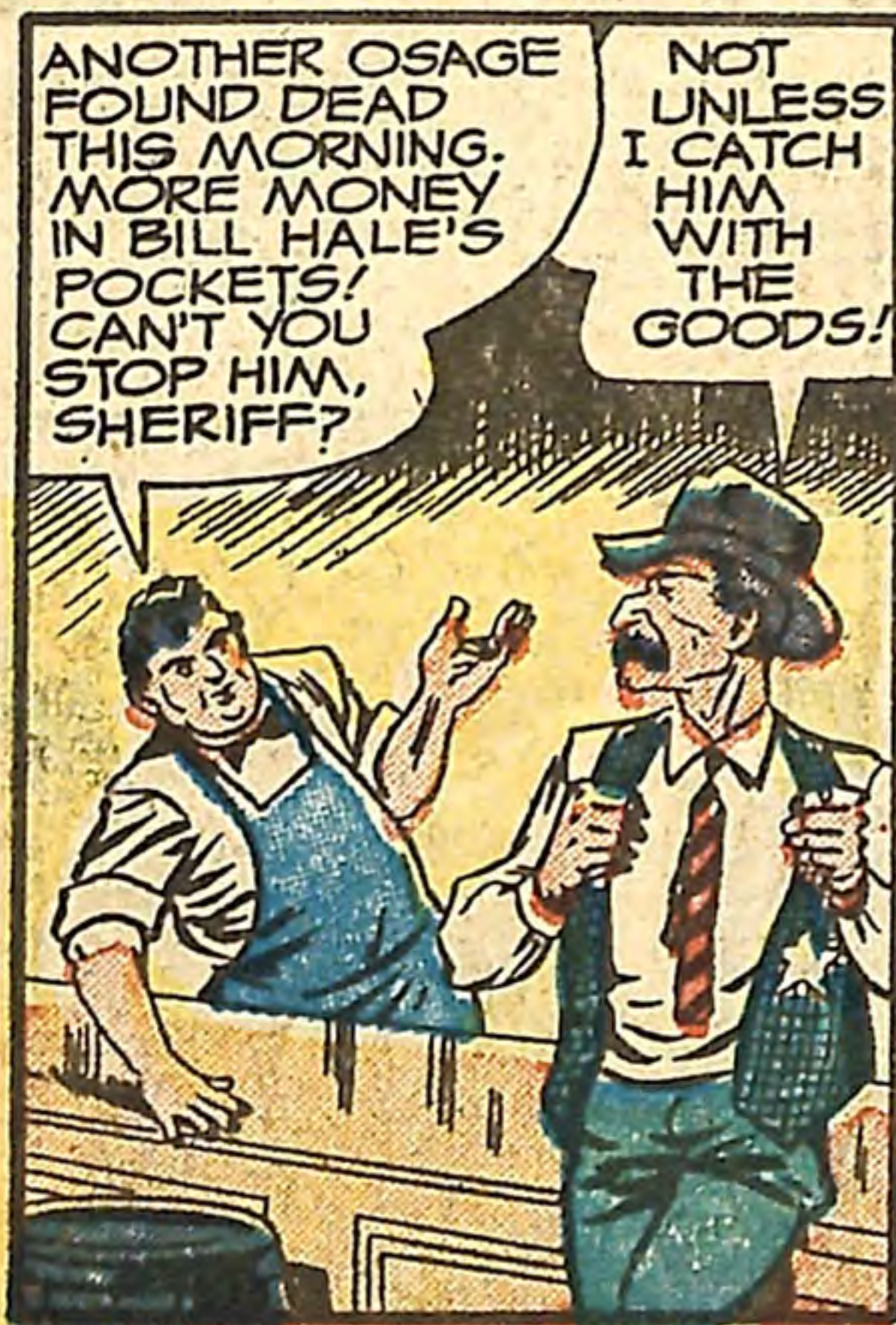
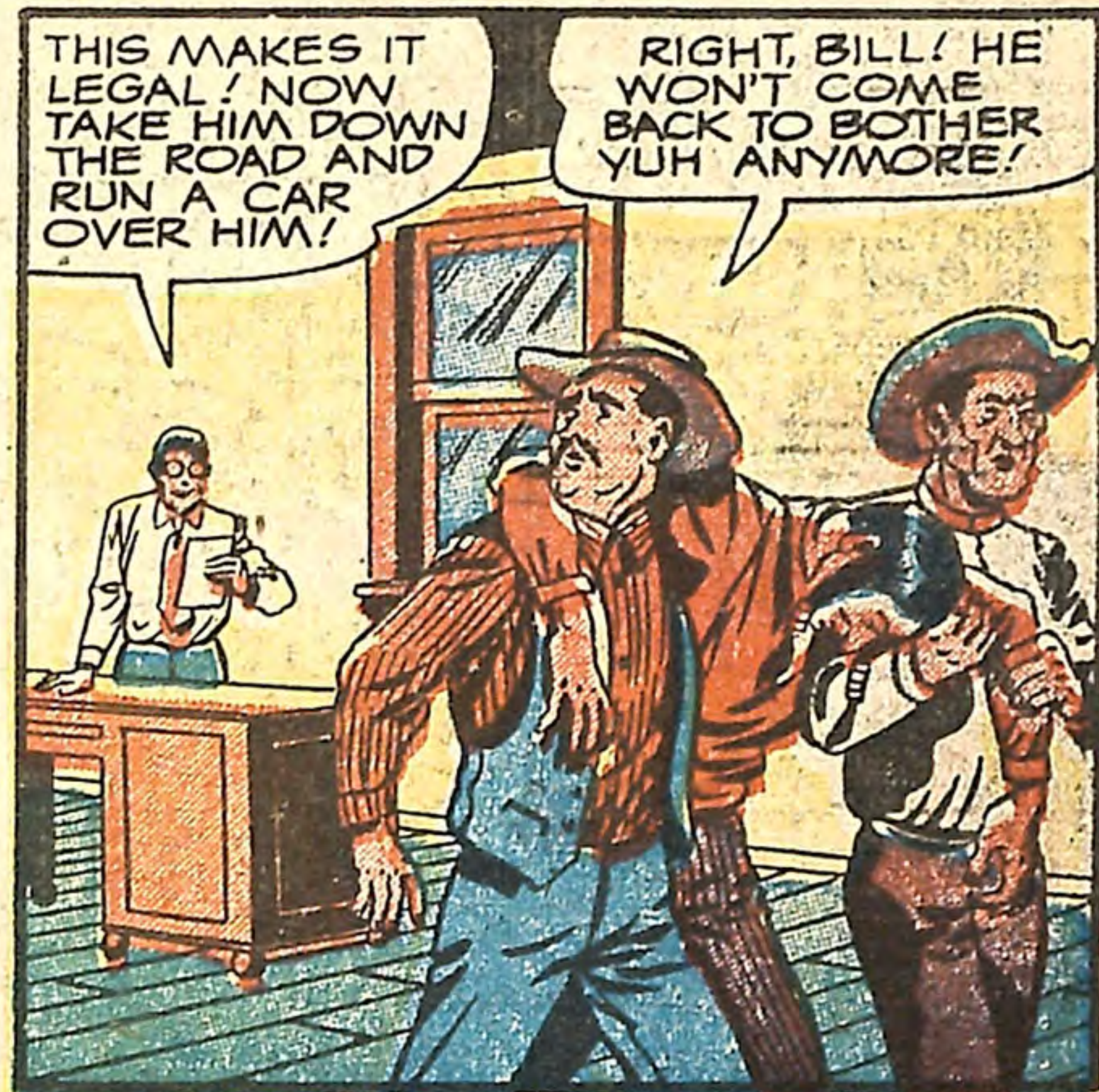
DON'T WORRY, I AIN'T HOT. I HEARD YOU'RE IN THE CHIPS, SO I FIGURED MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU!

RECKON YOU CAN, ERNIE, IF YOU KEEP A CLOSE MOUTH!



Gus Schroyer







YOU KILLED ANNIE BROWN, HALE! NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOIN' TO KILL MY WIFE AND YOUR NEPHEW'S WIFE, EH?

YOU'RE A LIAR! BETTER KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, SMITH!



YOU SURE BOTH SMITH AND HIS WIFE WERE IN BED, TEX?

YEAH--BUT THAT NITRO MUST'VE BLOWN 'EM TO BITS, BOSS!



THAT WAS BILL HALE'S DIRTY WORK. I'LL KILL HIM FOR IT EVEN IF THEY HANG ME!

WISH YOU COULD, SMITH! BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ALIVE WHEN WE GET YOU TO THE DOCTOR'S.



WE'LL INHERIT ALL OF OLD LIZZIE'S MONEY, ERNIE! STILL FEEDIN' YOUR SQUAW WIFE POISON?

YEAH--BUT I THINK THERE'S STRANGERS IN TOWN, WATCHIN' US, UNCLE BILL!



Disguised as an herb specialist and an insurance salesman, two G-Men pass on the main street--

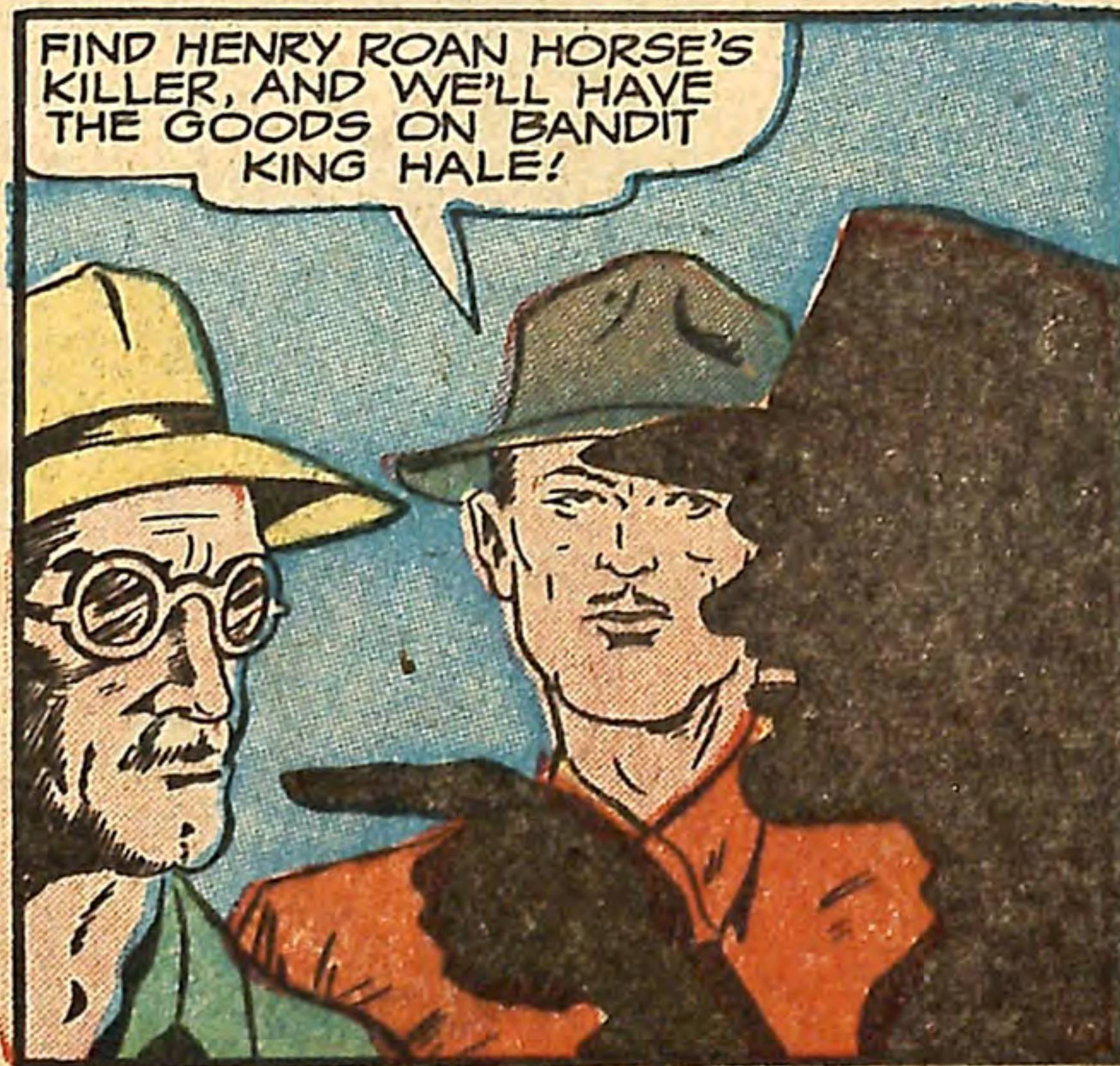
MEET TONIGHT ON DEAD MAN'S HILL. PASS THE WORD TO THE OTHERS!

RIGHT! I'VE DUG UP SOME EVIDENCE!



BILL SMITH AND HIS WIFE WEREN'T KILLED ON GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED LAND! WHO'S INVESTIGATING THE HENRY ROAN HORSE MURDER?

I AM! HENRY WAS KILLED ON RESTRICTED LAND, AND BILL HALE COLLECTED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSANDS LIFE INSURANCE ON HIM!



FIND HENRY ROAN HORSE'S KILLER, AND WE'LL HAVE THE GOODS ON BANDIT KING HALE!



HERE'S ANOTHER JOB THE G-MEN WON'T PIN ON ME, AND I'LL COLLECT WHAT I CAN PROVE THOSE INJUNS OWE ME!

I DISCONNECTED THE CAR'S BRAKE RODS, BILL. THEY CAN'T STOP!



THEM RICH INJUNS ARE GONERS! MORE OF BILL HALE'S DIRTY WORK!

CRASH!



WE'D BETTER DRAG A FEW RED HERRINGS ACROSS OUR TRAIL, UNCLE BILL. THE G-MEN ARE GETTING HOT!

THE ONLY GUY WHO'D DARE BLAB ON ME IS IN THE OKLAHOMA STATE PEN!

A G-man disguised as a cattle rustler uncovers the vital link...

HALE MADE ME A PROPOSITION, BUT I'M AFRAID HE'LL DOUBLECROSS ME!

MY PAL REFUSED TO KILL A DAME, SO BILL TIPPED THE COPS AND MY PAL'S IN THE PEN NOW!



HOLD EVERYTHING, MEN! I'VE GOT A HOT LEAD ON AN OUTLAW WHO'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST HALE!

GOOD WORK! WE'LL MAKE THE CROOK TALK!



HALE HAS HUNDREDS OF WITNESSES WHO WILL CALL YOU A LIAR!

OKAY, THEN! THROW A SCARE INTO HALE'S NEPHEW. ERNIE WILL SQUEAL TO SAVE HIS SKIN!



THE REST OF YOU MEN SURROUND THE HOUSE. IF ERNIE TRIES TO ESCAPE, DON'T KILL HIM!



SHOOT FOR HIS LEGS IF HE OPENS FIRE! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY! HE'S PROBABLY HIDING UNDER A BED!

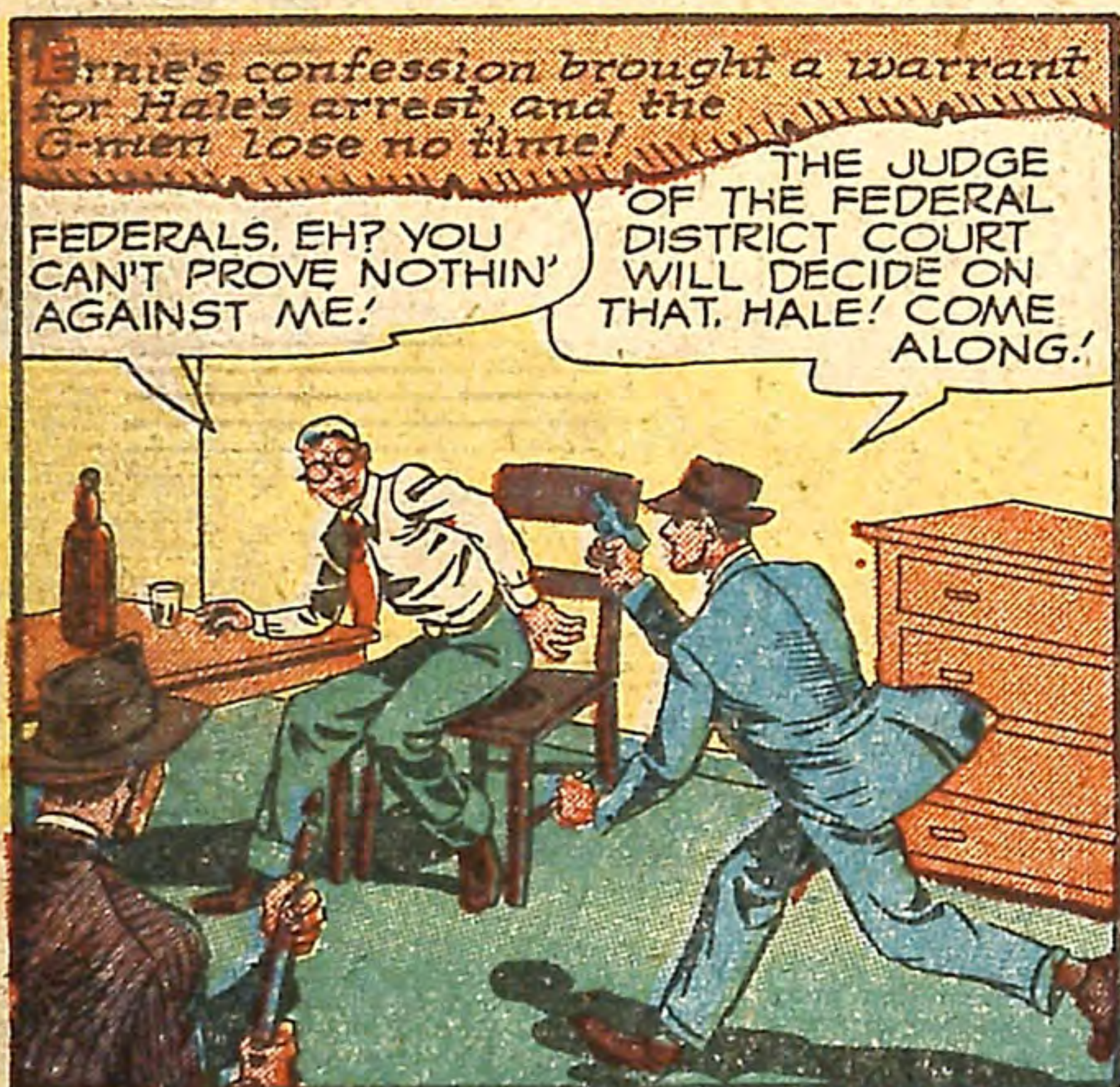


YOU--YOU'RE THE FEDERALS! YOU CAN'T PIN NOTHIN' ON ME!

GUESS AGAIN! YOU WERE BILL HALE'S ACCOMPLICE! YOU ENGINEERED ALL HIS KILLINGS!



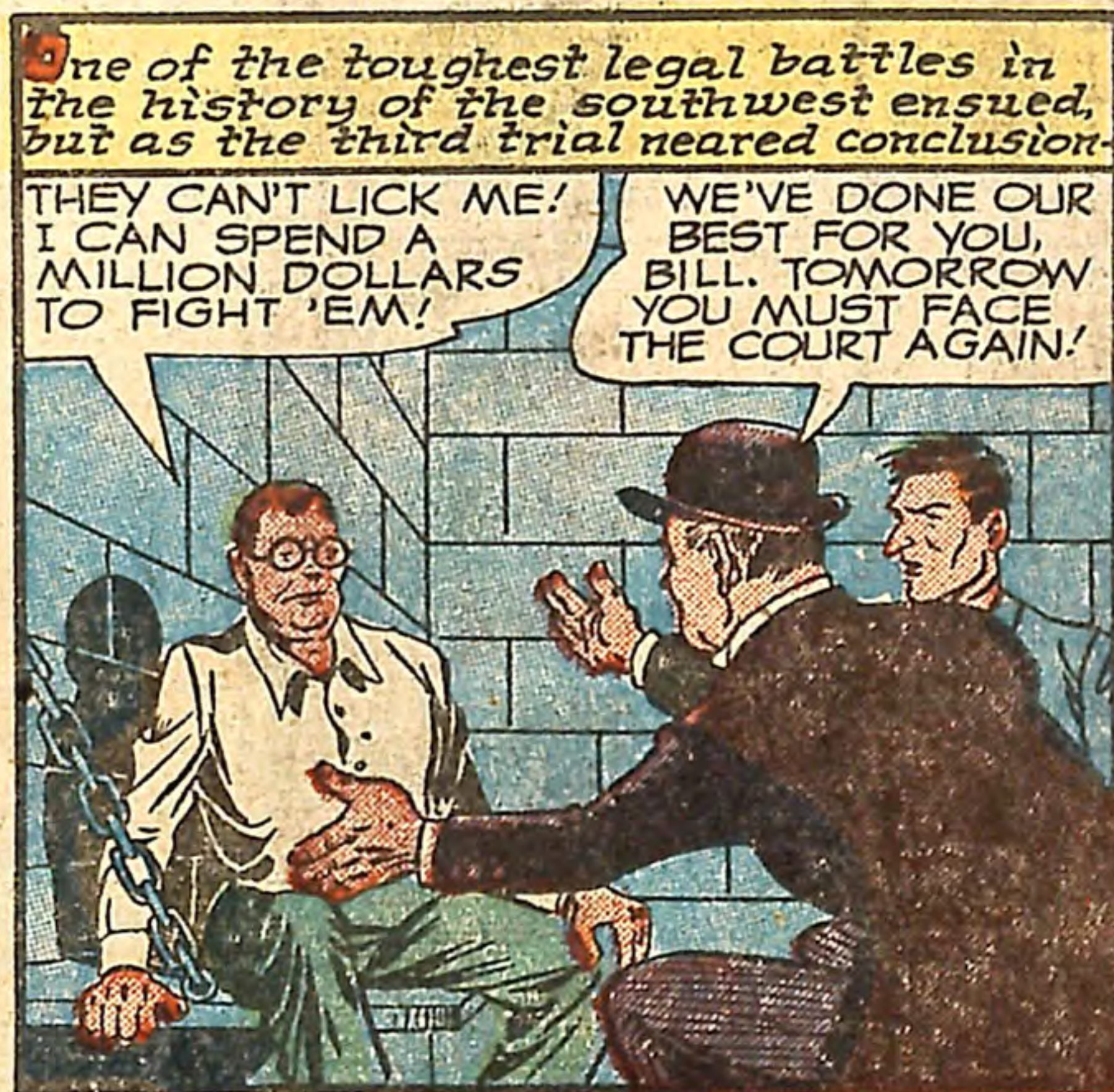
NO! NO! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE INJUN MURDERS! IT WAS ALL HALE'S WORK! HE HIRED KILLERS TO DO THE JOBS!



Ernie's confession brought a warrant for Hale's arrest, and the G-men lose no time!

FEDERALS, EH? YOU CAN'T PROVE NOTHIN' AGAINST ME!

THE JUDGE OF THE FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT WILL DECIDE ON THAT, HALE! COME ALONG!



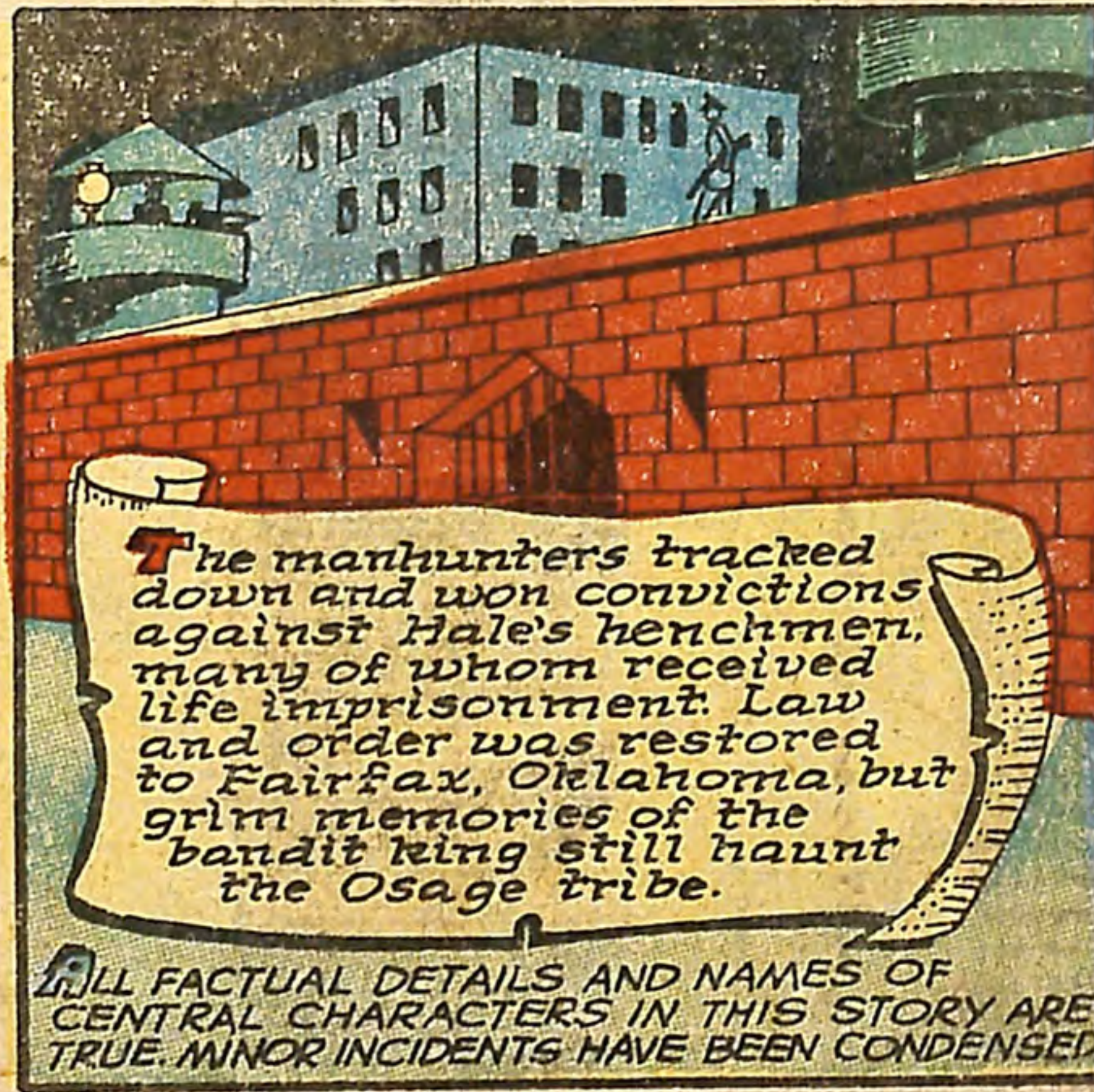
One of the toughest legal battles in the history of the southwest ensued, but as the third trial neared conclusion-

THEY CAN'T LICK ME! I CAN SPEND A MILLION DOLLARS TO FIGHT 'EM!

WE'VE DONE OUR BEST FOR YOU, BILL. TOMORROW YOU MUST FACE THE COURT AGAIN!



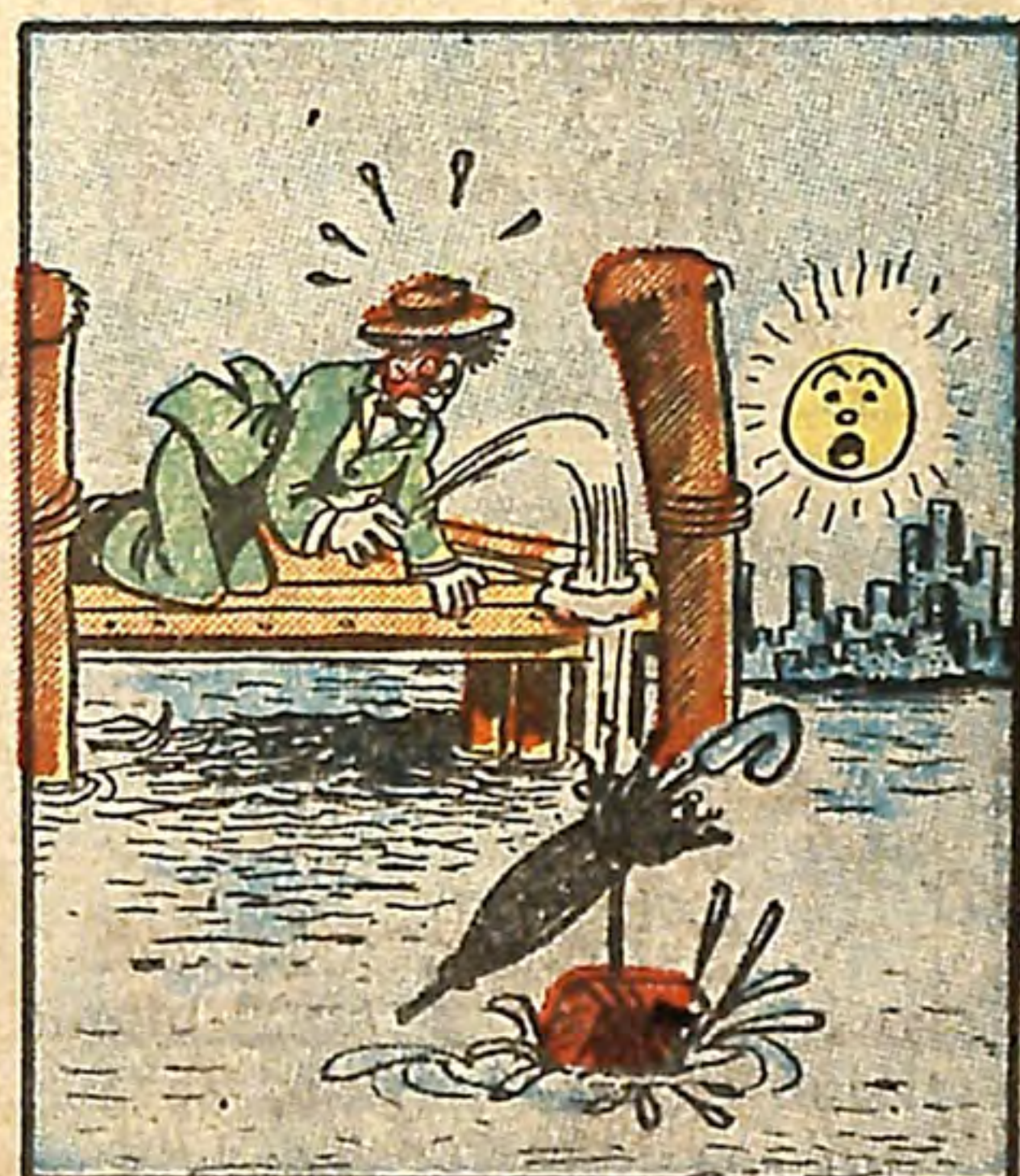
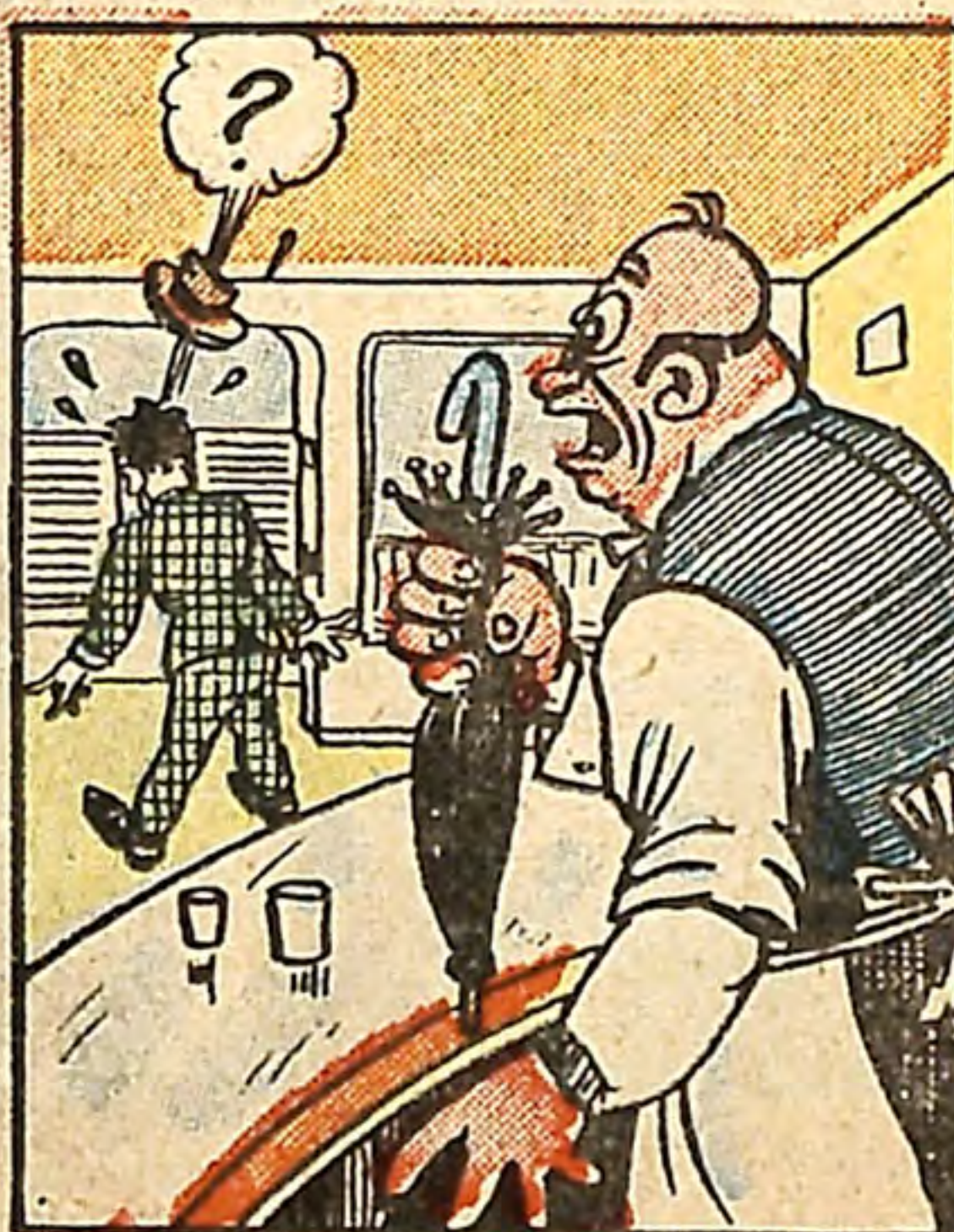
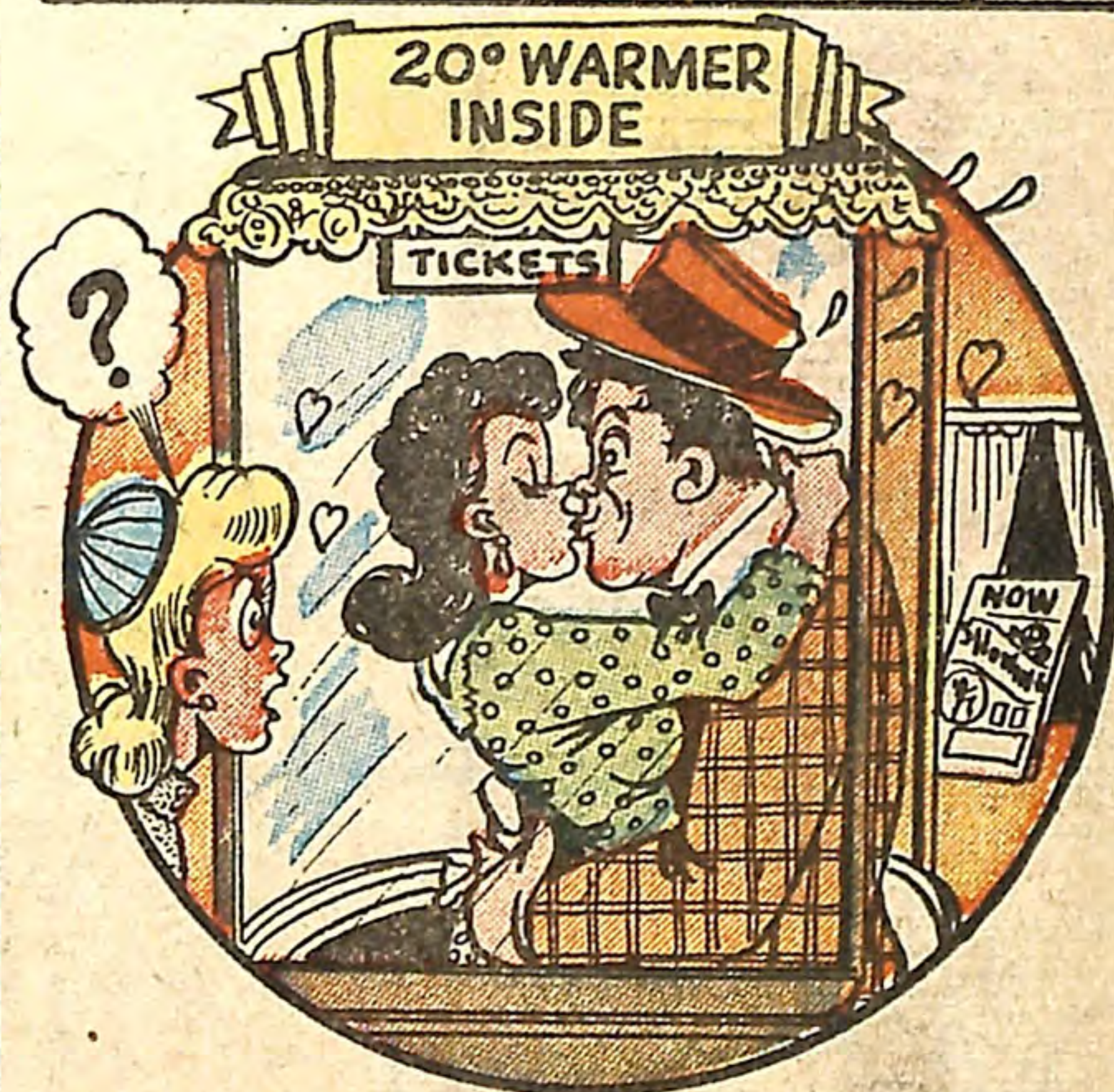
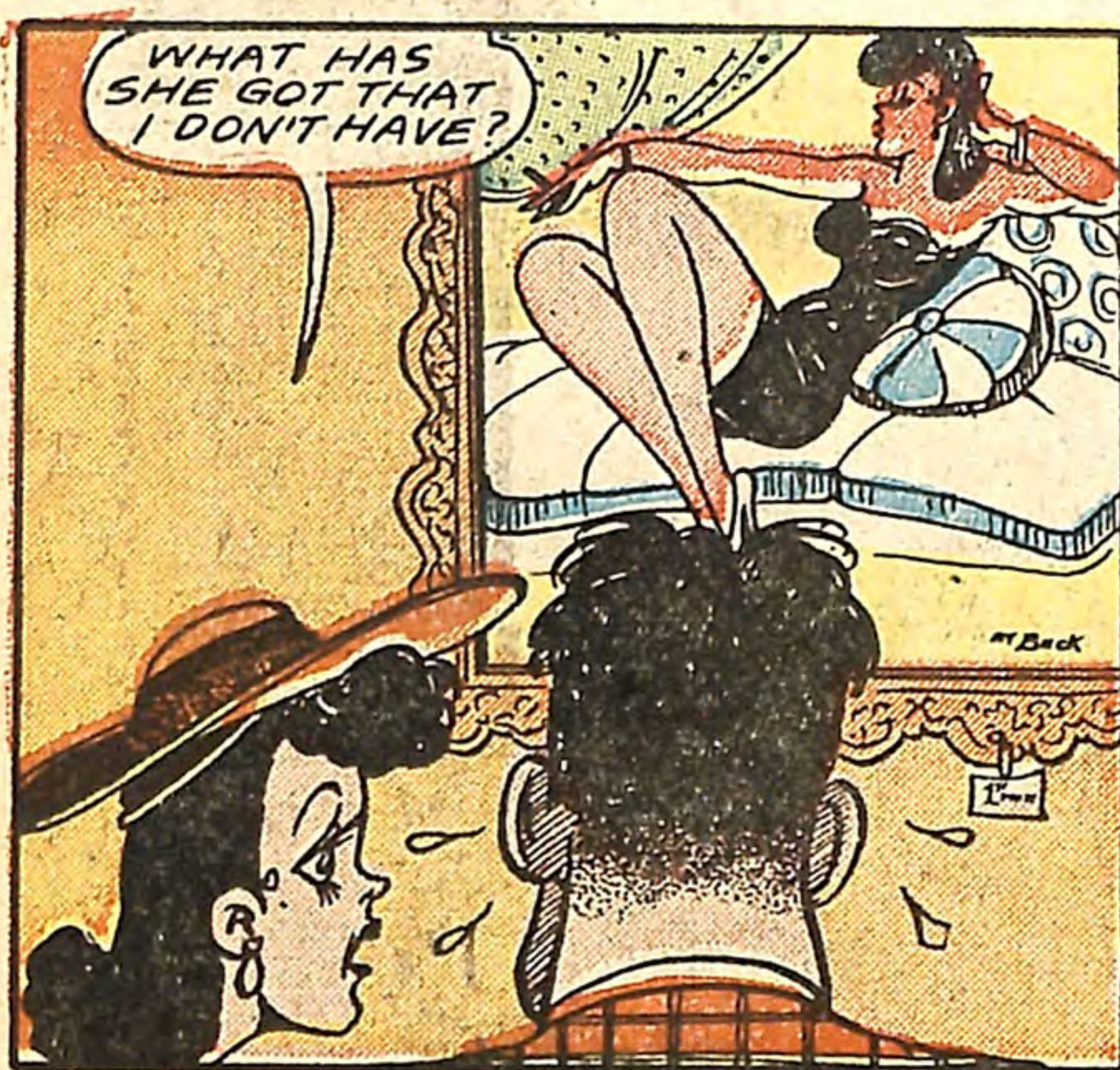
I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!



The manhunters tracked down and won convictions against Hale's henchmen, many of whom received life imprisonment. Law and order was restored to Fairfax, Oklahoma, but grim memories of the bandit king still haunt the Osage tribe.

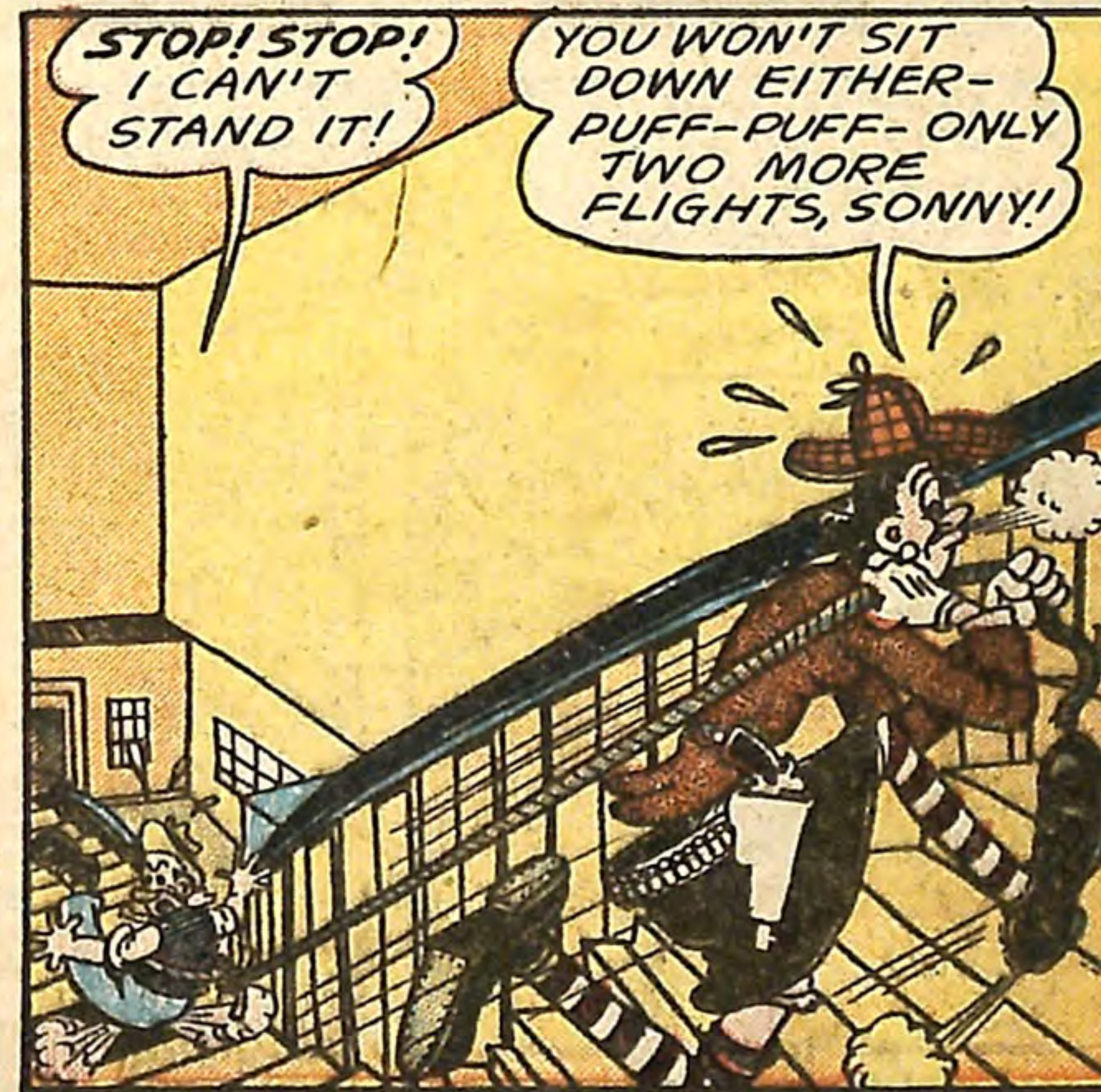
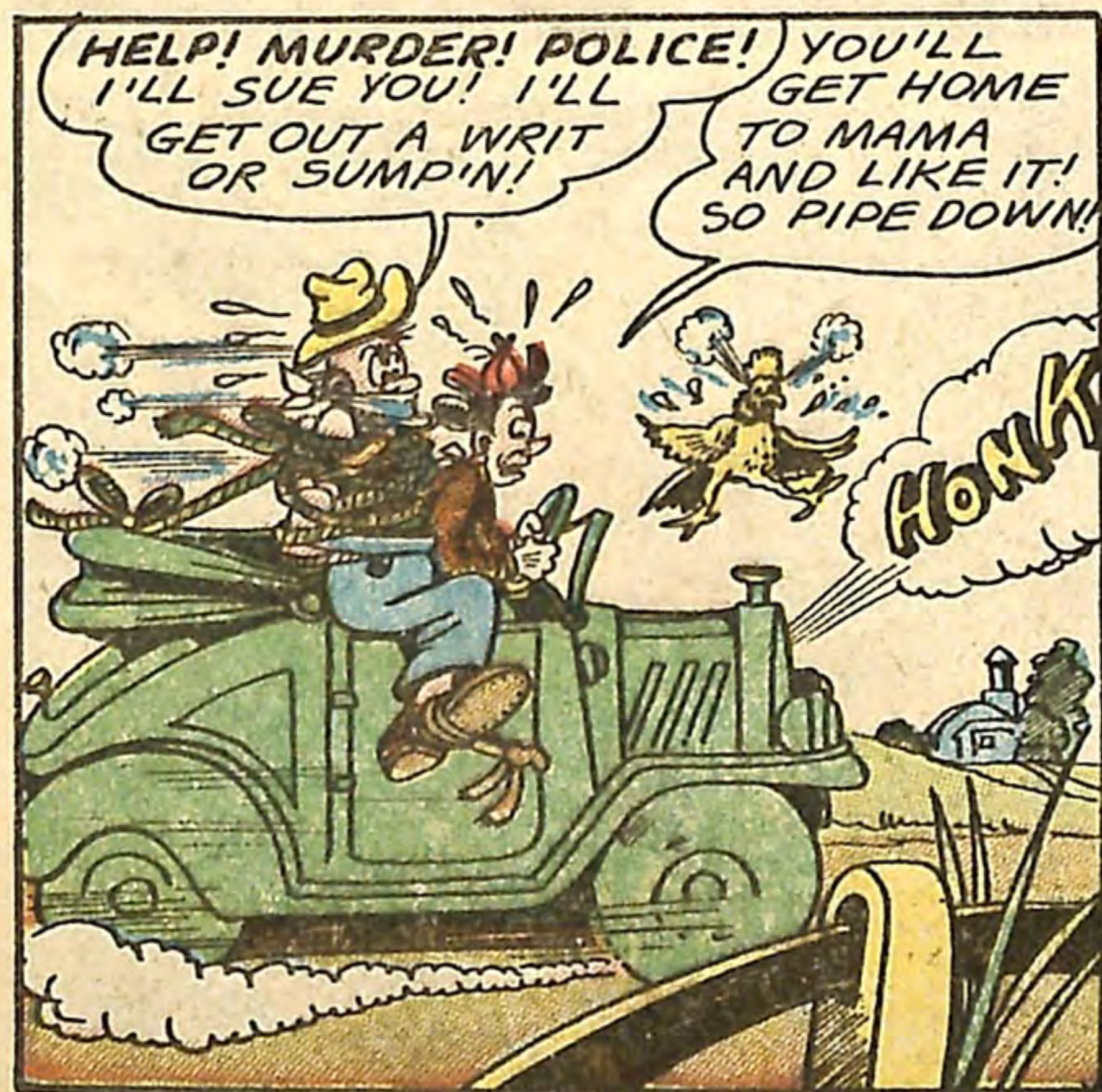
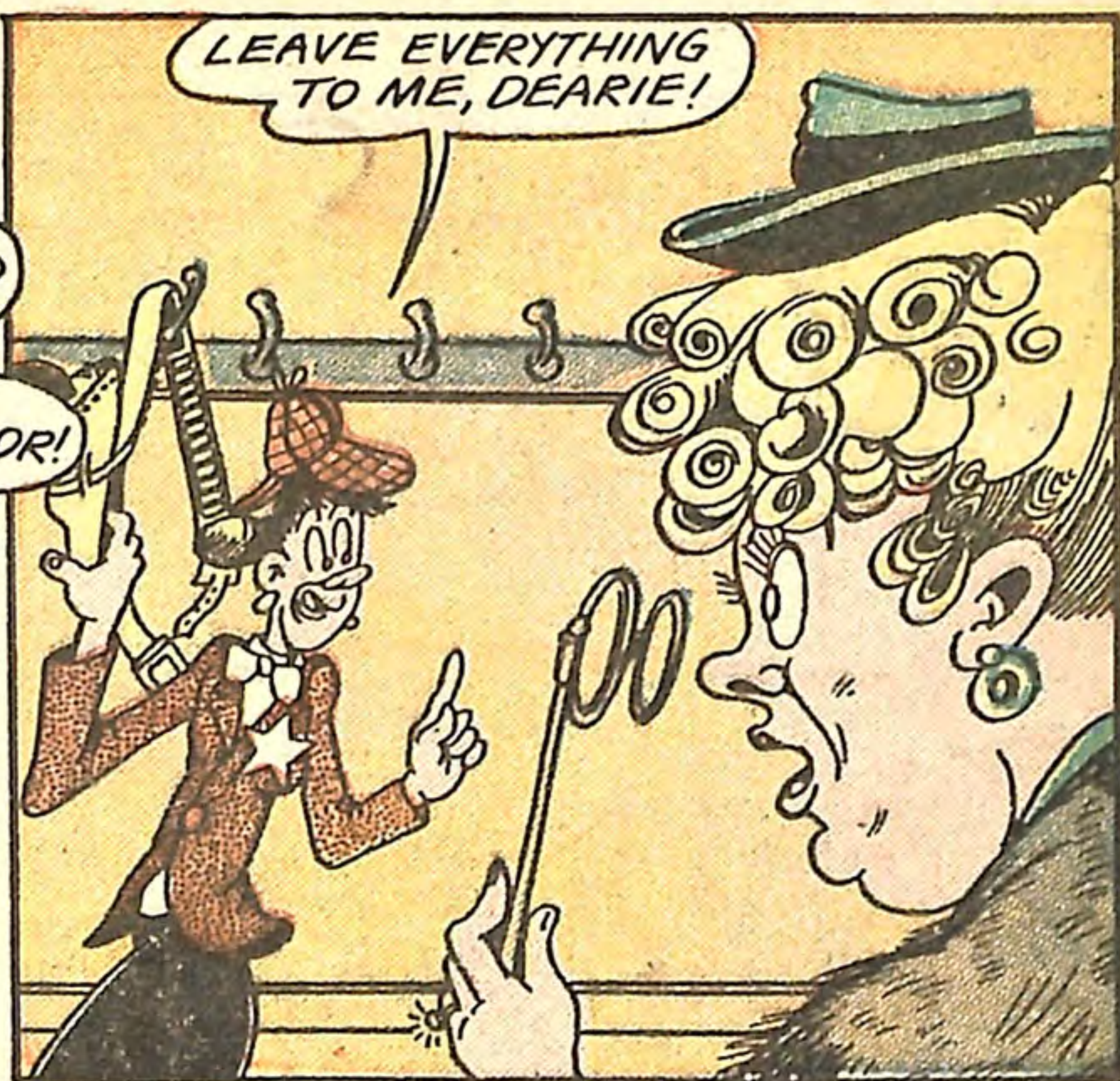
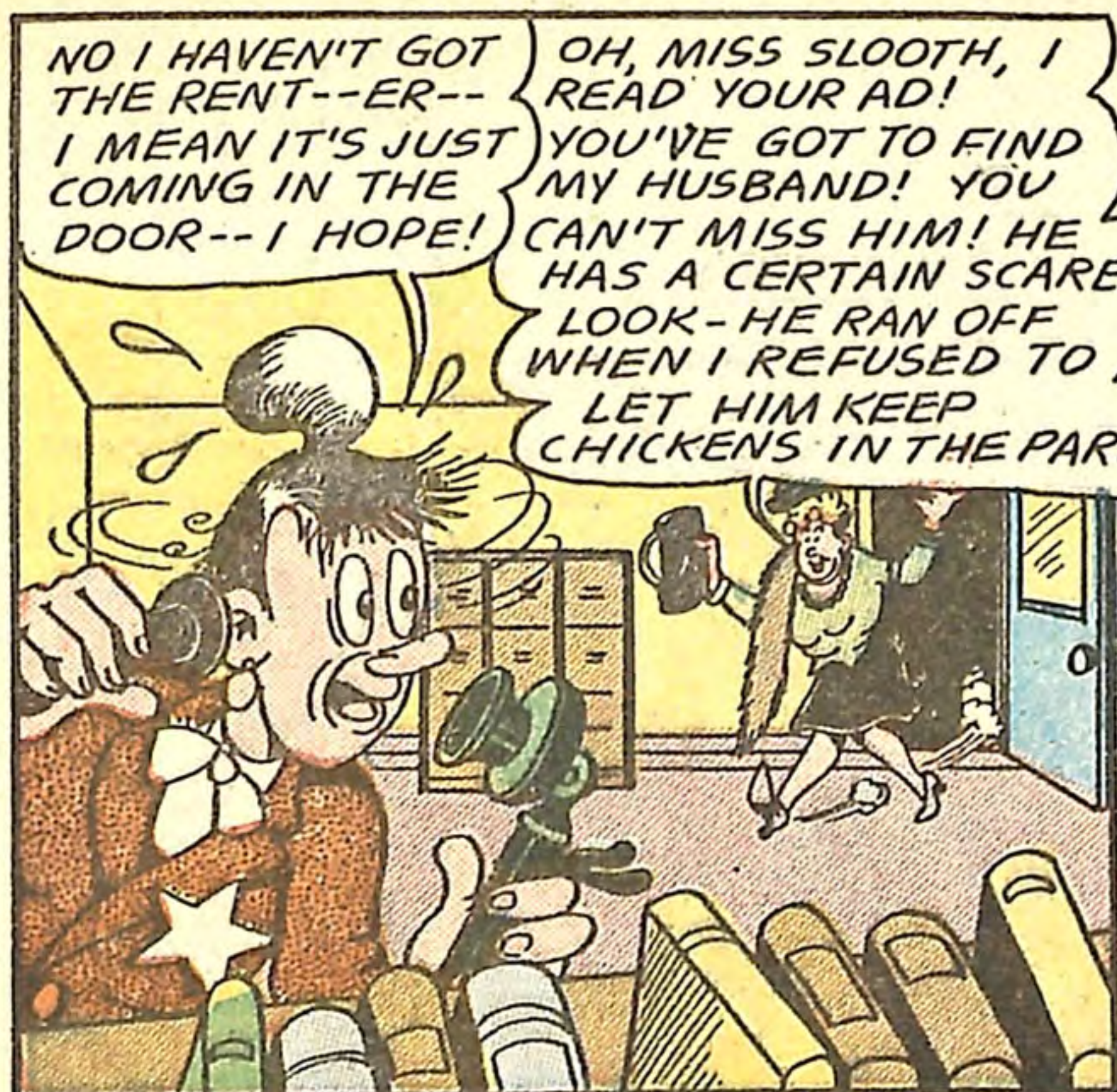
ALL FACTUAL DETAILS AND NAMES OF CENTRAL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE TRUE. MINOR INCIDENTS HAVE BEEN CONDENSED.

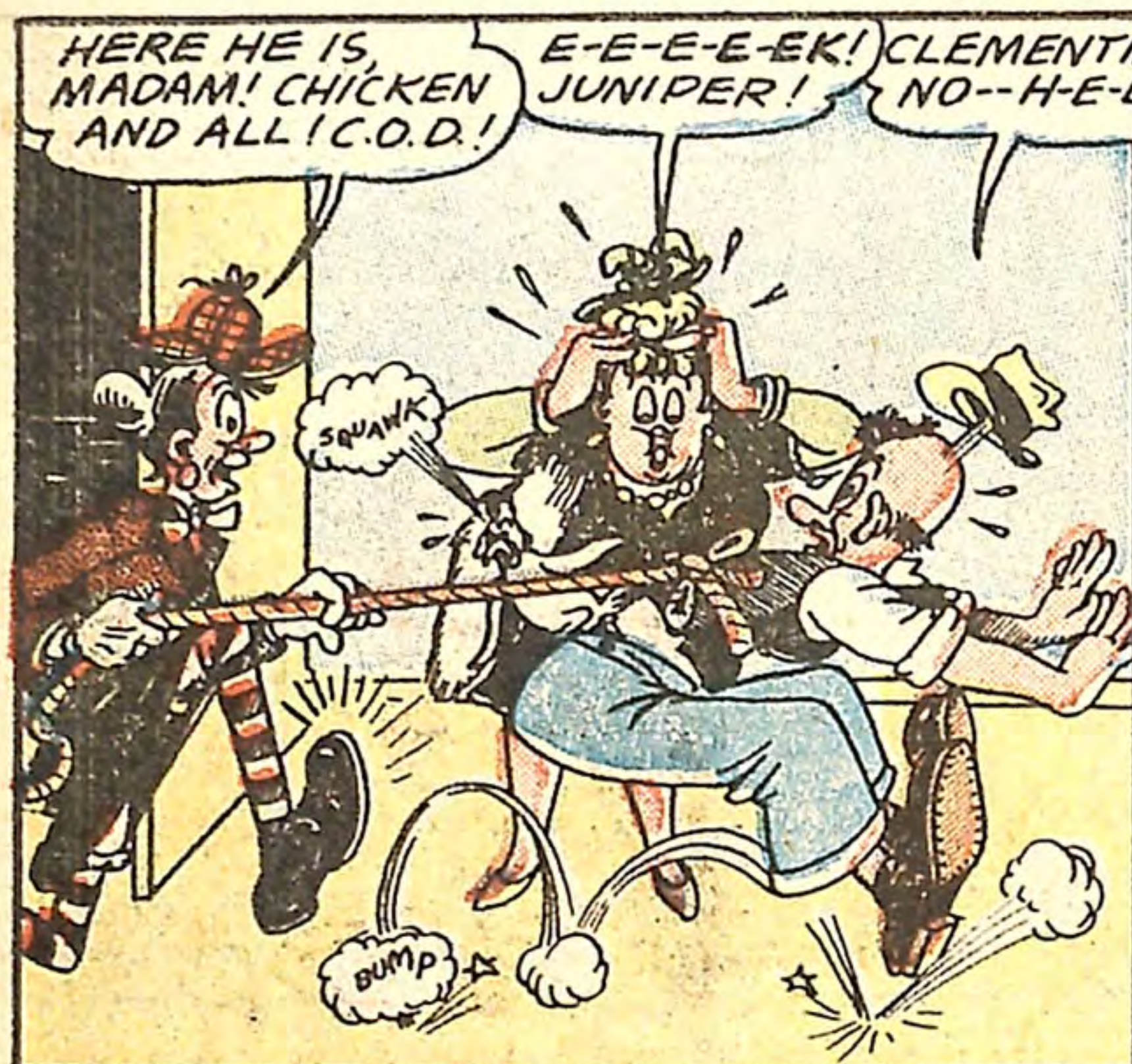
KNOCK-OUT DROPS



IMA SLOOTH







HERE HE IS, MADAM! CHICKEN AND ALL! C.O.D.!

E-E-E-E-EK! JUNIPER!

CLEMENTINE! NO--H-E-L-P!



I SAID C.O.D.-- COUGH UP THE DOUGH!

BUT THERE HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! JUNIPER IS MY FIRST HUSBAND!



YOUR FIRST! HOW MANY BEFORE I GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE?

WELL! THERE WAS JUNIPER WALDORF-ELMER-- NOW IT'S ALONZO Q. BLOOMERGUILL. ISN'T LOVE EXCITING?



IT'S DARK ALREADY. I'M GONNA WEAR THIS CAPE!

HURRY BACK--I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING!



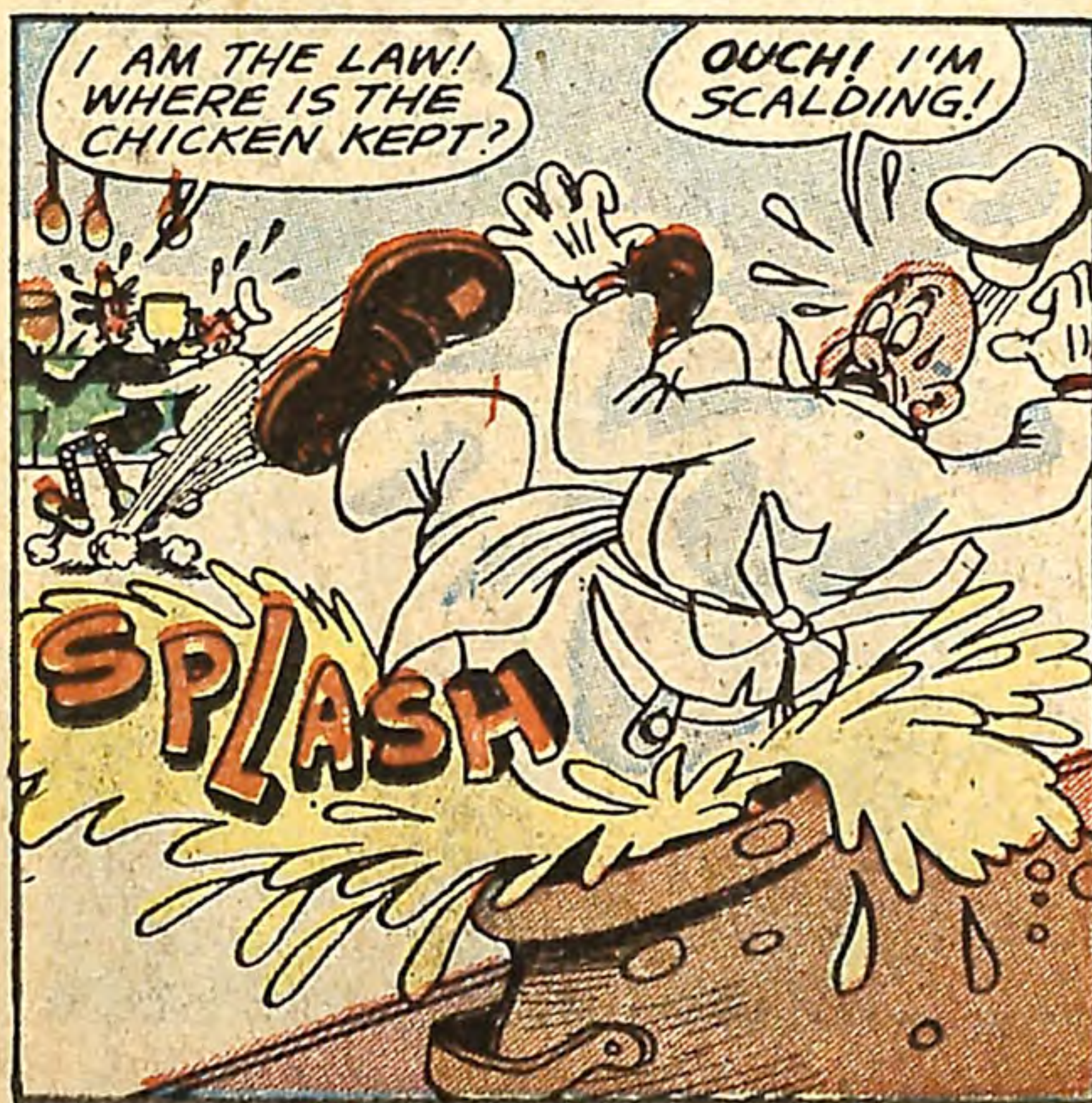
I'VE TRIED THE CHICKEN YARDS. NOW I'LL TRY SOME COOKED CHICKEN!--- AH! ROAST CHICKEN! I'LL TRY THIS PLACE!



NOW TO SEE IF THAT CHICKEN AROMA IS COMING FROM THE-42-CLUB KITCHEN!

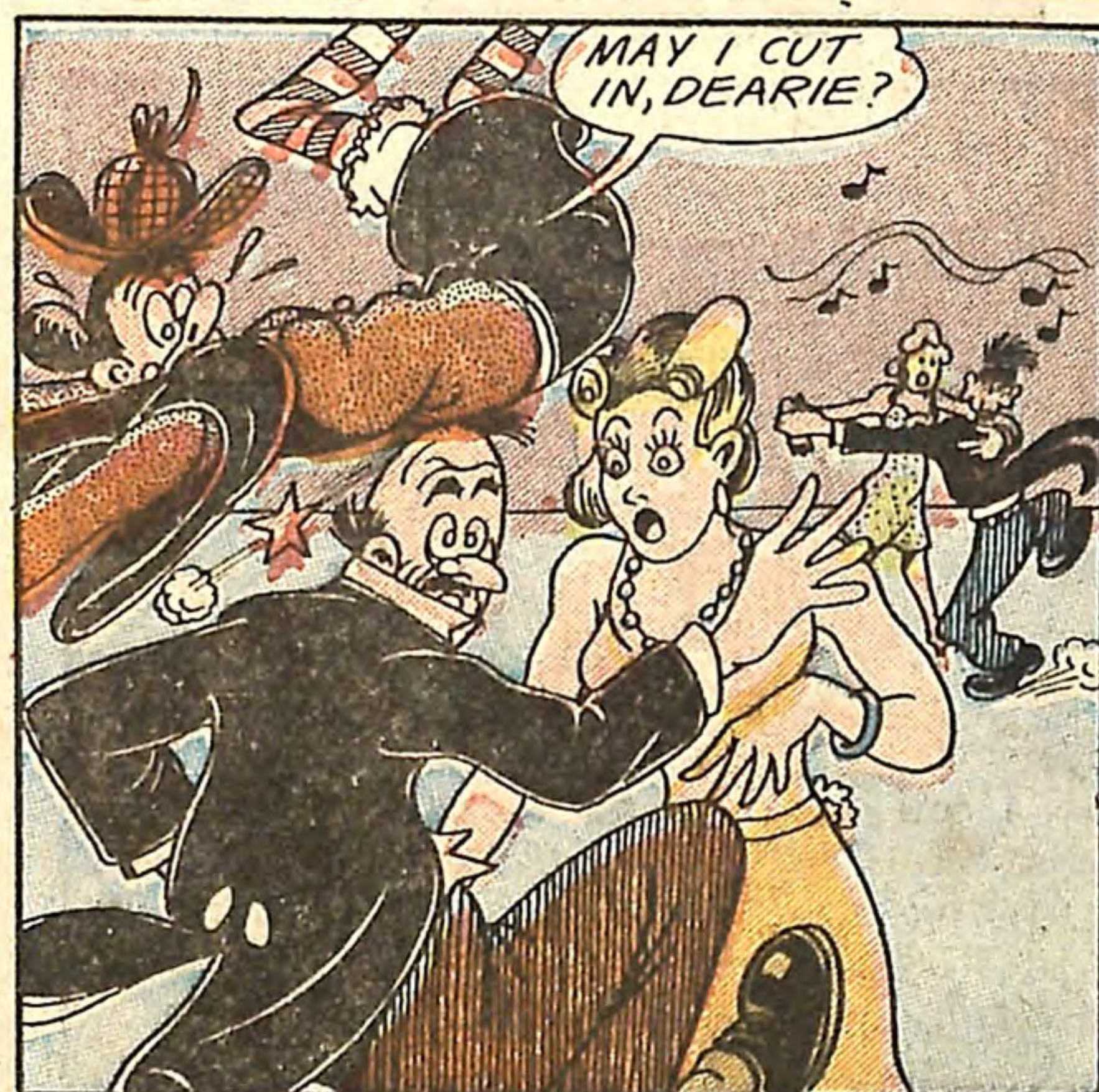
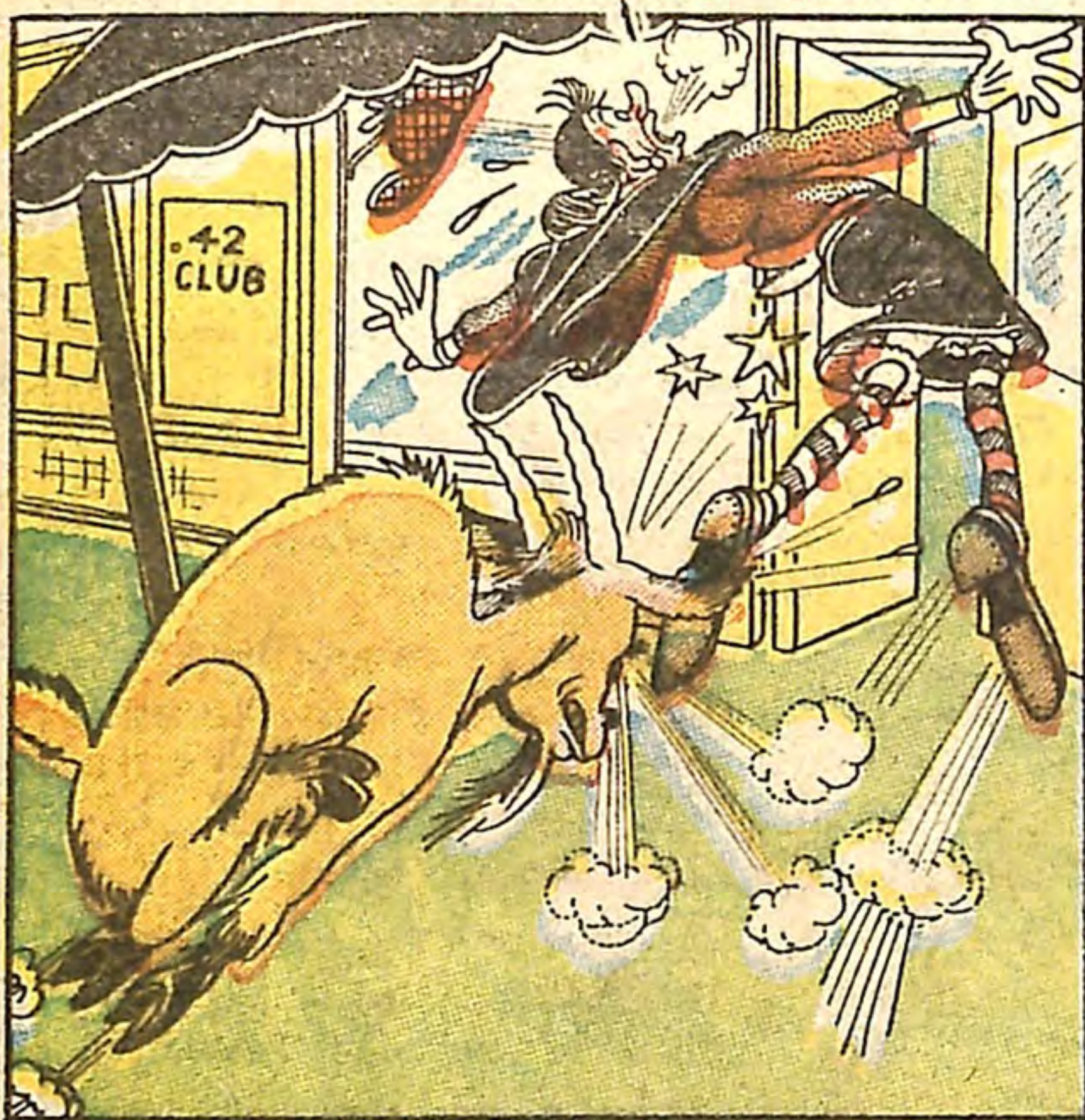
UM-M ROAST CHICKEN IT IS! WONDER IF I CAN WRANGLE SOME OUT OF THE CHEF!







MY WORD! A FLYING FOWL!



NOW, MRS. BLOOMERGUILL!



WELL, GIRLIE, YOU'LL BE TO OLD TO PROVE IT, BY THE TIME YOU'RE OUT ON PAROLE!

TREASURE HUNT

ONE KIND OF STICK-UP FOILED ANOTHER

Detectives Joe Pillsbury and Fred Meegher, outside the shop with the three balls over the doorway, watched the girl's jaw moving up and down. As Joe Pillsbury pushed the door open, the crack of snapped chewing gum filled the small, cluttered room like the firing of a .22.

"Haven't had a stick of gum in a long while, Maisie," Pillsbury said. "Got another?"

Maisie shrugged, reached into her bag and drew a stick out, tossed it over the counter. As Pillsbury stuffed the unwrapped stick into his mouth, he said: "Where's Willie Arundel?"

Maisie held a stick toward Fred Meegher. He shook his head.

"Willie's coming now." She nodded toward the door.

Willie Arundel swept the shop in one glance as he entered. "To what do I owe this honor?" he asked Pillsbury.

Pillsbury walked to the door and nodded his head toward the neat sports roadster, glistening under the street lamp in front of the shop.

"A pawn shop seems to be very profitable."

"What are you getting at?" snapped Arundel.

"I was just thinking of a very neat can opening job that took place last night. A thirty-thousand-dollar payroll haul out of the Lynn Company safe."

"Guys like you, Pillsbury, are what keep crooks from going straight!" growled Arundel. "But you can search all you want to."

When Pillsbury and Meegher had turned the shop inside out they helped Arundel to put the place in order again.

"Looks like we picked on the wrong guy, Willie," Joe said. "Guess we ought to apologize."

They went outside and a short distance up the street Pillsbury stopped and ducked into an alley and pulled Fred Meegher after him.

"We'll wait here," Joe said, "where we can keep an eye on Willie's car."

"Waiting," Fred groaned, "would not be so bad, Joe, if you would only learn to chew your gum more quietly. You sound like Maisie."

"We won't have to wait long," Pillsbury whispered. "Look, there goes Maisie out to Willie's car now. Did you notice the wide

rack on the rear? It's almost as good as a rumble seat."

The two kept in the shadows of the buildings as they ran for the car. Hunching down on the rack, they braced themselves against the bumperettes.

Suddenly a shot from the doorway of the pawnshop blasted and the zing of the bullet against metal came at the same time. The car jerked from the curb.

"Duck down," said Joe, "Maisie's stepping on it. She thinks we fired the shot."

In the dim light of the street lamps Pillsbury felt for the gas tank. His hand was wet with leaking gas when he drew it back.

"A whole tankful could leak out in fifteen minutes," he said.

The detectives flattened down on the rack and waited. The car left the city, headed out the pike and took a turn off the road. It was a dirt highway, uphill. Joe poked his hand down against the hole. They saw below them as they wound up the trail another pair of headlights following after them.

Suddenly the car skidded to a stop before a rough cabin. Maisie jumped out fast as Fred Meegher caught up to her and placed his gun against her coat. She started to scream, but Meegher put his hand over her mouth.

The following car came up fast, and even as it stopped a blast fired through the windshield. Joe Pillsbury ducked behind the fender of Maisie's car and fired his own gun. He heard a muttered oath. He fired again. Arundel stepped to the running board and then fell forward.

When Pillsbury came up to Arundel he was wounded, but still conscious. His right front tire was flat. Pillsbury lifted Willie from the ground.

"You got me, Pillsbury," Willie said. "You better get the stuff quick and take me to a hospital. You'll find it in the cabin."

"Fred will take care of the moola," Pillsbury said. "I'll take you to the hospital in your own car."

"But—the gas tank!" Fred Meegher called. "Willie shot a hole in it. You must be about out of gas by now!"

"Don't worry," Joe answered. "Maisie fixed that. The tank is all sealed up with the stick of gum she gave me."

What happens when an innocent man dreams of a murder and awakens in horror to find that his dream has come true? Who except Mr. "E" could solve such a nightmarish case and bring the phantom killer to justice? It takes quick thinking and faster action by Mr. "E" to discover the killer, and his own life hangs by a thread when he tries to prove the killer's guilt!



An awful nightmare disturbs Herb Stark's sleep--



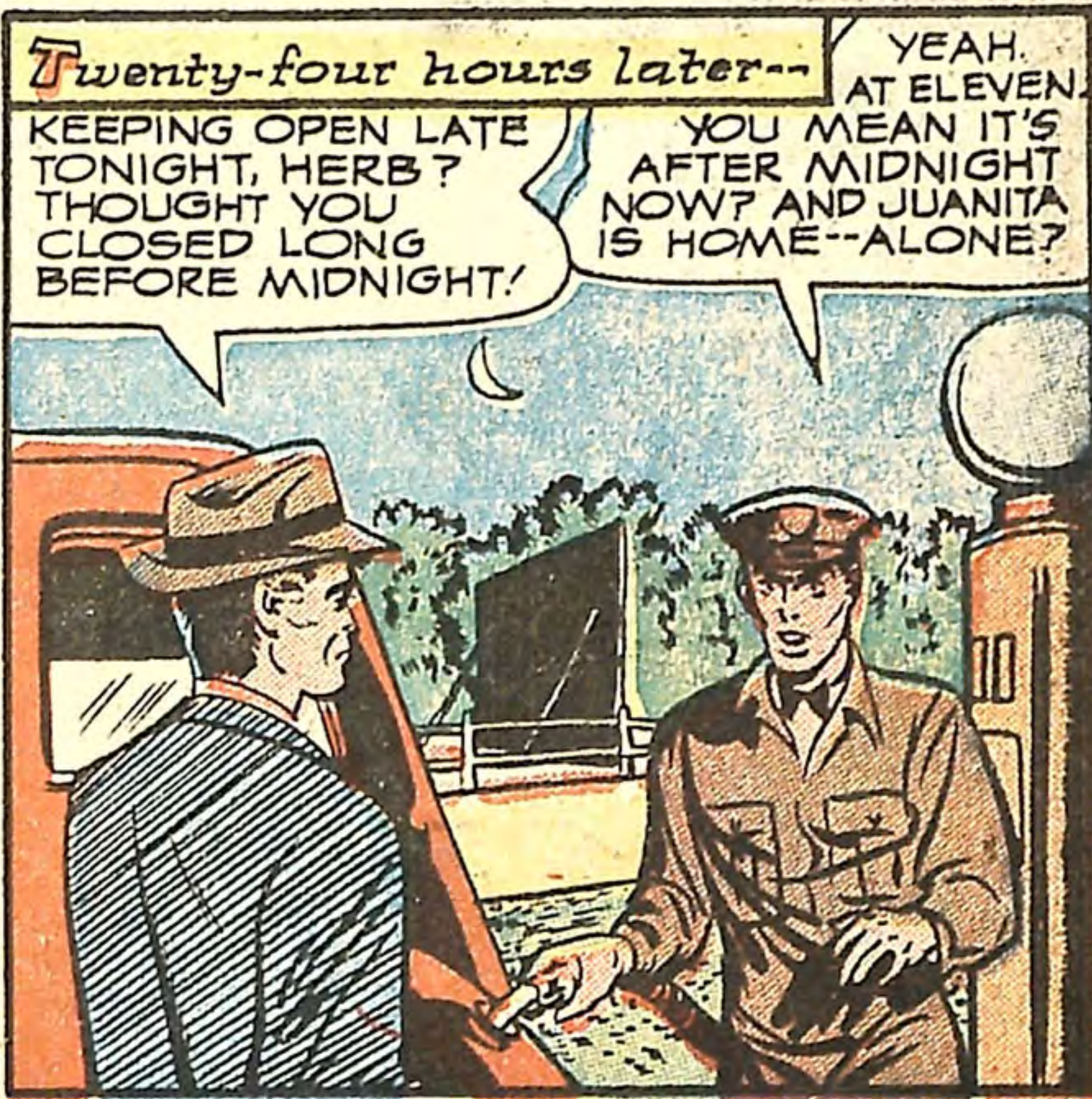
STARK'S BRIDE IS A SOUND SLEEPER. EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT AS I PLANNED!



JUANITA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

HUH? YOU AND YOUR NIGHTMARES! CAN'T YOU FORGET GUADALCANAL JUST FOR ONE NIGHT, HERB?







EASY NOW, MIKE! HE MAY BE DANGEROUS!

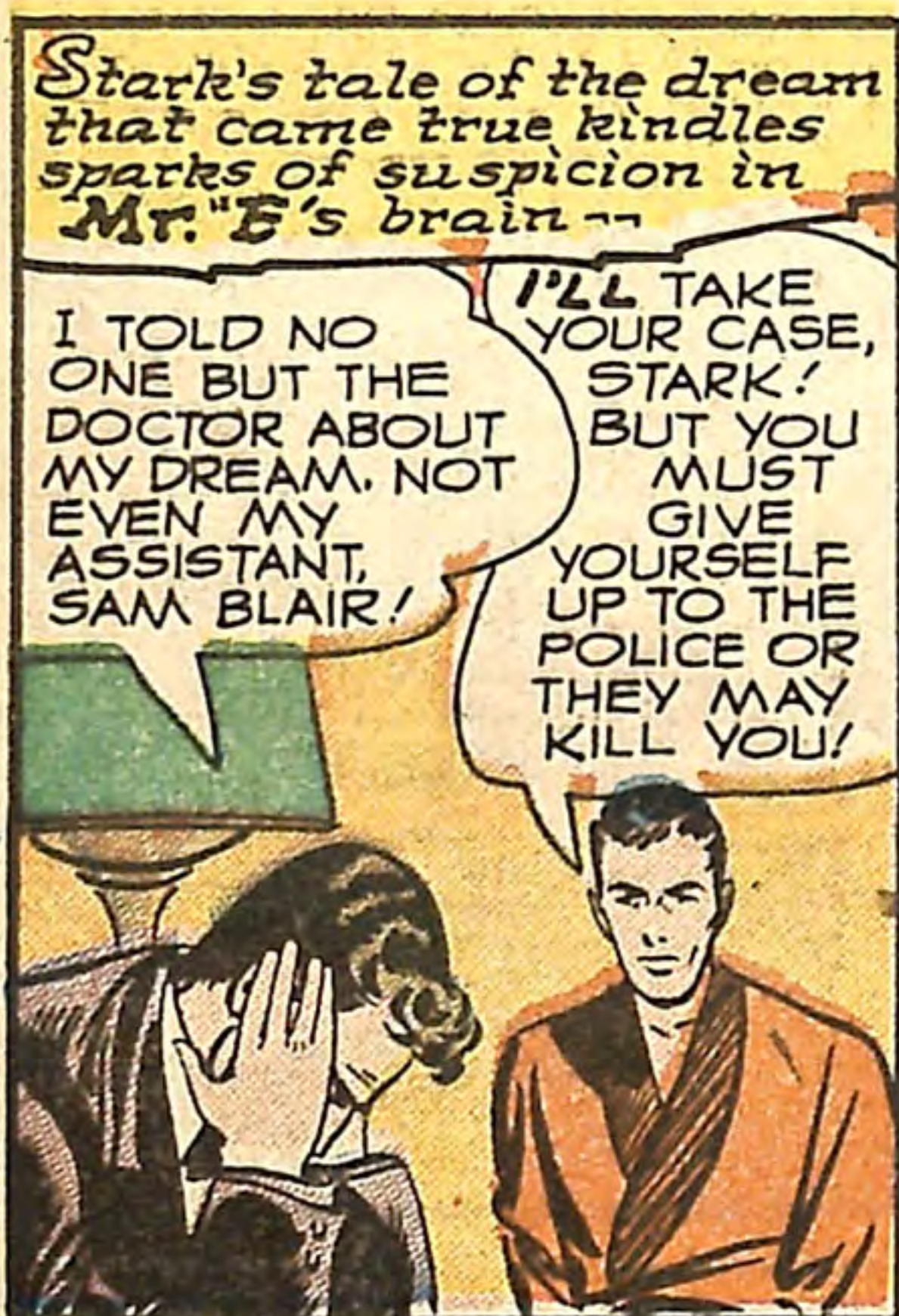
THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY IN THE WORLD WHO CAN HELP ME NOW! MR. "E"!



Speeding via a zigzag route to the city, Herb Stark staggers up to Mr. "E's" house--

WHERE'S THE FIRE, STRANGER?

MY WIFE-- SHE WAS MURDERED! AND THE COPS THINK I KILLED HER. PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



Stark's tale of the dream that came true kindles sparks of suspicion in Mr. "E's" brain--

I TOLD NO ONE BUT THE DOCTOR ABOUT MY DREAM. NOT EVEN MY ASSISTANT, SAM BLAIR!

I'LL TAKE YOUR CASE, STARK! BUT YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE POLICE OR THEY MAY KILL YOU!



HE TRUSTS ME. I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN. NOW I'LL GET AN INSIDE TRACK ON THIS CASE FROM MY ANCIENT IDOL!



In the secret temple beneath Mr. E's home--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, I SEEK A SIGN TO LEAD ME TO THE KILLER OF HERB STARK'S WIFE.



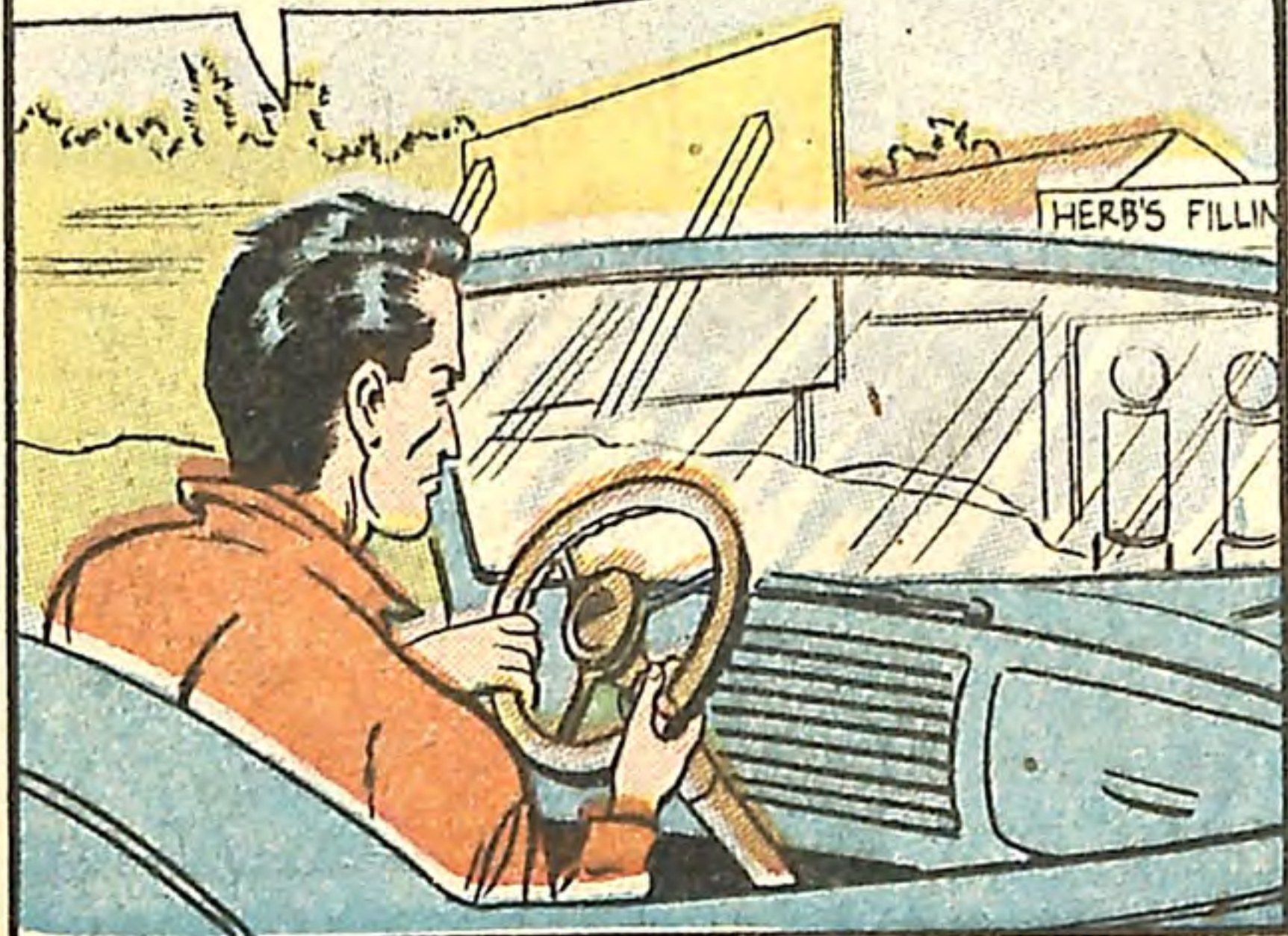
SO! SOMEONE DID OVERHEAR HIM TELLING ABOUT THE NIGHTMARE! THAT MAN IS THE KILLER--AND I'LL FIND HIM!



SEND FORTH YOUR WINGED MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE, KING KOLAH: I NEED THEIR AID FOR THE KILLER IS VERY CRAFTY!

Mr. "E" speeds toward Stark's gas station--

THE POLICE MUST HAVE QUESTIONED STARK'S RELIEF MAN, AND LEFT HIM ON DUTY AT THE STATION!



YOUR EMPLOYER MURDERED HIS WIFE AND GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE COPS, BUT I SMELL A RAT!

YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE COPS WHAT YOU THINK. I'M KEEPING OUT OF THIS MESS!

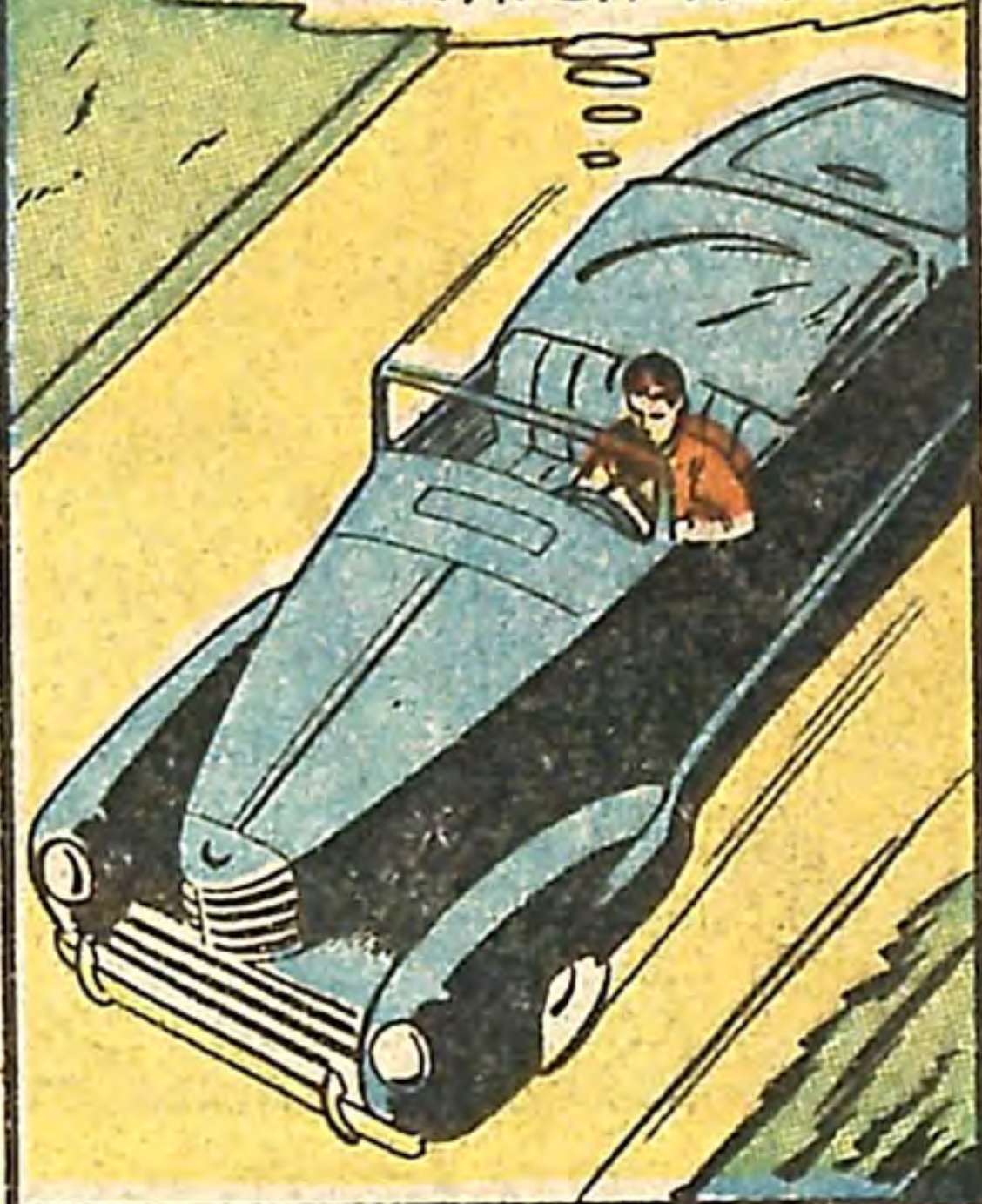


I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A JOB WITH A CRAZY YET! THIS PLACE WILL BE CLOSED, AND I'LL BE OUT OF WORK AGAIN!

THAT'S TOUGH! BUT YOUR LUCK RAN BETTER THAN MRS. STARK'S! STARK MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU!



HE'S SORE ABOUT THE KILLING, BUT THE MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE ARE GOING TO WATCH HIM!



MR. "E" IS SMARTER THAN THE COPS, BUT HE CAN'T SNATCH HERB FROM THE GOOD OLD JAWS OF JUSTICE!



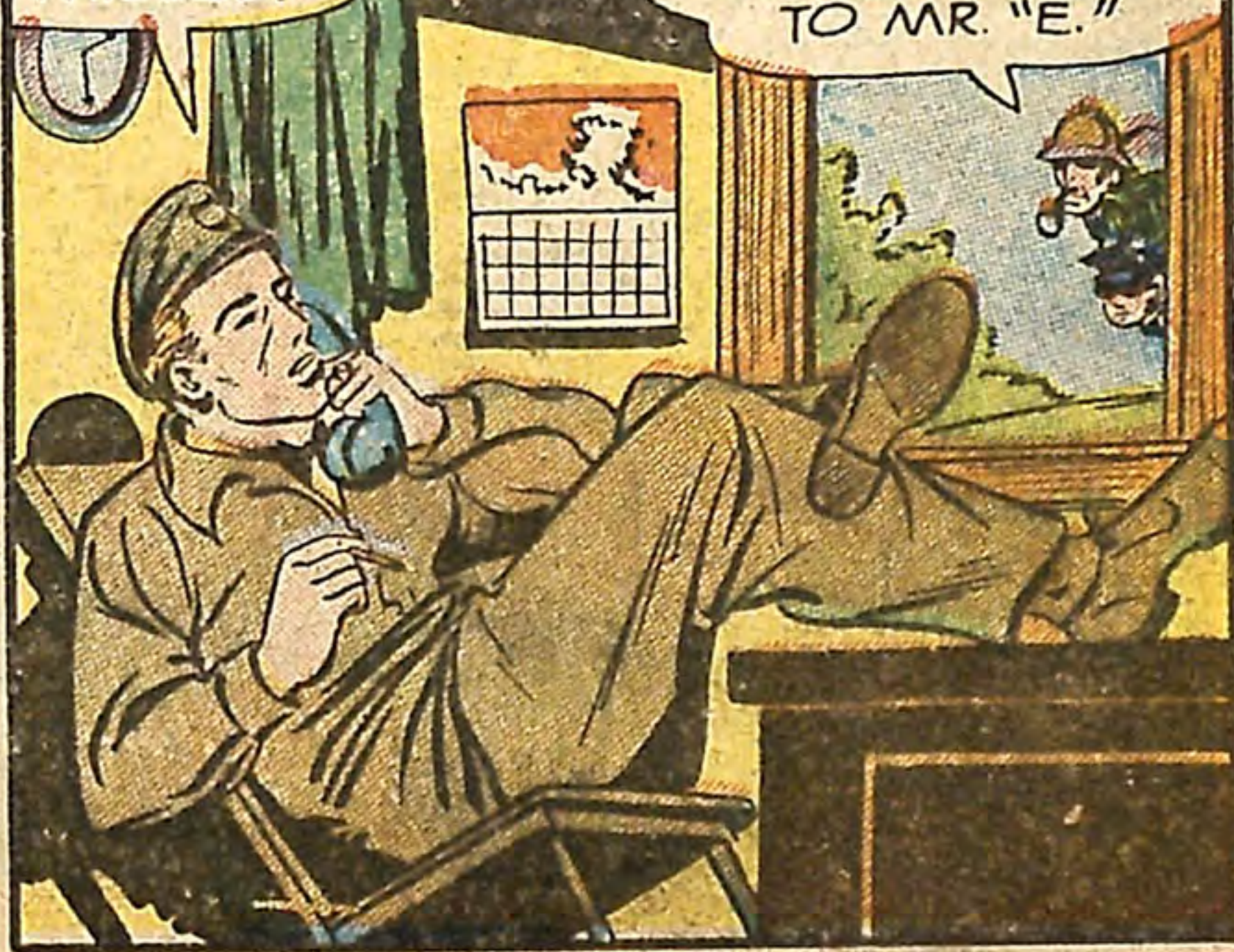
LISTEN! HE MAY START TALKING TO HIMSELF!

YEAH-- THEY ALWAYS DO WHEN THEY'VE GOT THE JITTERS!



IF ROCCO STARTS YAPPING, I'LL TAKE HIM WHERE HE WON'T BE MISSED!

HE'S HIDING SOMETHING AND HE HAD HELP! STAY HERE WHILE I GO TO MR. "E."



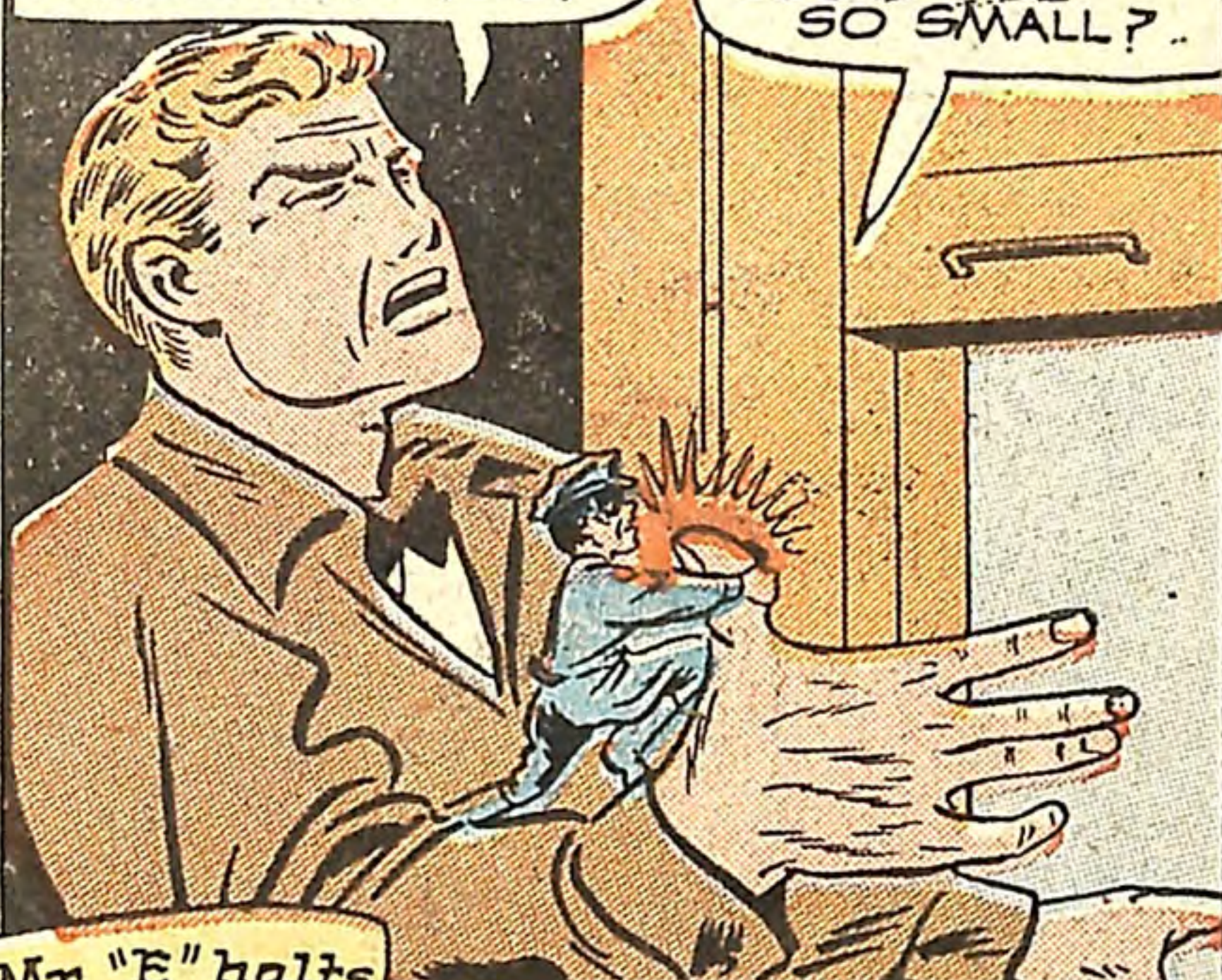
As one messenger transforms himself and takes flight, the other is taken unawares--

MR. "E" WAS HEADING FOR DOC STEPHENS' TO FIND IF ANYONE ELSE KNEW ABOUT STARK'S DREAM.



OUCH! LET GO MY THUMB, YOU DEVIL! YOU'RE SOME OF MR. "E'S" SNOOPING MAGIC, AIN'T YOU?

YOU'RE ASLEEP IN THE CHAIR, SAP! IT'S ONLY A DREAM! HOW COULD I BE SO SMALL? ..



Meanwhile, Mr. "E" halts a departing patient--

CRIPES! THE LITTLE MAN DISAPPEARED! BUT I WASN'T DREAMIN' AND I'LL GET MR. "E" BEFORE HE EXPOSES ME!



WAIT A MINUTE, GUY! WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MAC!



BY ANY CHANCE, WAS THIS FELLOW MAKING INQUIRIES ABOUT HERB STARK, DOC?

YES, AND HE WOULDN'T TELL HIS NAME! HE WANTED TO KNOW WHEN STARK CAME HERE YESTERDAY!



HIS NAME IS ROCCO. HE TENDED THE GAS STATION WHILE SAM BLAIR SHADOWED STARK AND OVERHEARD HIM TELL THE DOC ABOUT HIS NIGHTMARE!

YEAH-BLAIR PHONED ME TO FILL IN FOR HIM, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE ASKED ME! HEY! WHO SAID THAT?



HOLD HIM AS A WITNESS, DOC! I'LL TAKE BLAIR BY SURPRISE!



But Blair has already barricaded himself from the police--

HOW'D YOU DISCOVER THAT HE'S THE KILLER?

WE DIDN'T! WHEN WE CAME BACK, HE STARTED SHOOTING. WATCH OUT FOR HIM, MR. "E"!!



THAT'S RIGHT, MR. "E!" SLAM THAT ROCK THROUGH THE WALL!

THEN DUCK FAST! WE'LL SMOKE THE RAT OUT!



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, BLAIR! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!

THEY'LL BURY YOU FIRST, WISE GUY!

NICE TEAMWORK, MR. "E"!!

COME ON! DON'T PULL BACK, BLAIR, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE ROASTED ALIVE!



STRAIGHT TO HEADQUARTERS, MR. "E" WE'LL MAKE HIM TELL STARK WHY HE KILLED HIS WIFE!

I'VE GUESSED THE MOTIVE! HE TOOK THE RISK BECAUSE STARK'S DREAM PROVED A PERFECT FRAME-UP!



YEAH--I KNEW I COULD BUY THE STATION FOR A SONG IF I GOT RID OF YOU AND YOUR WIFE!

BUT YOU GOT THE JITTERS WHEN MR. "E" CAME AROUND. I SURRENDERED TO THE POLICE BECAUSE I KNEW HE'D FIND THE KILLER!



With the case against Blair complete--

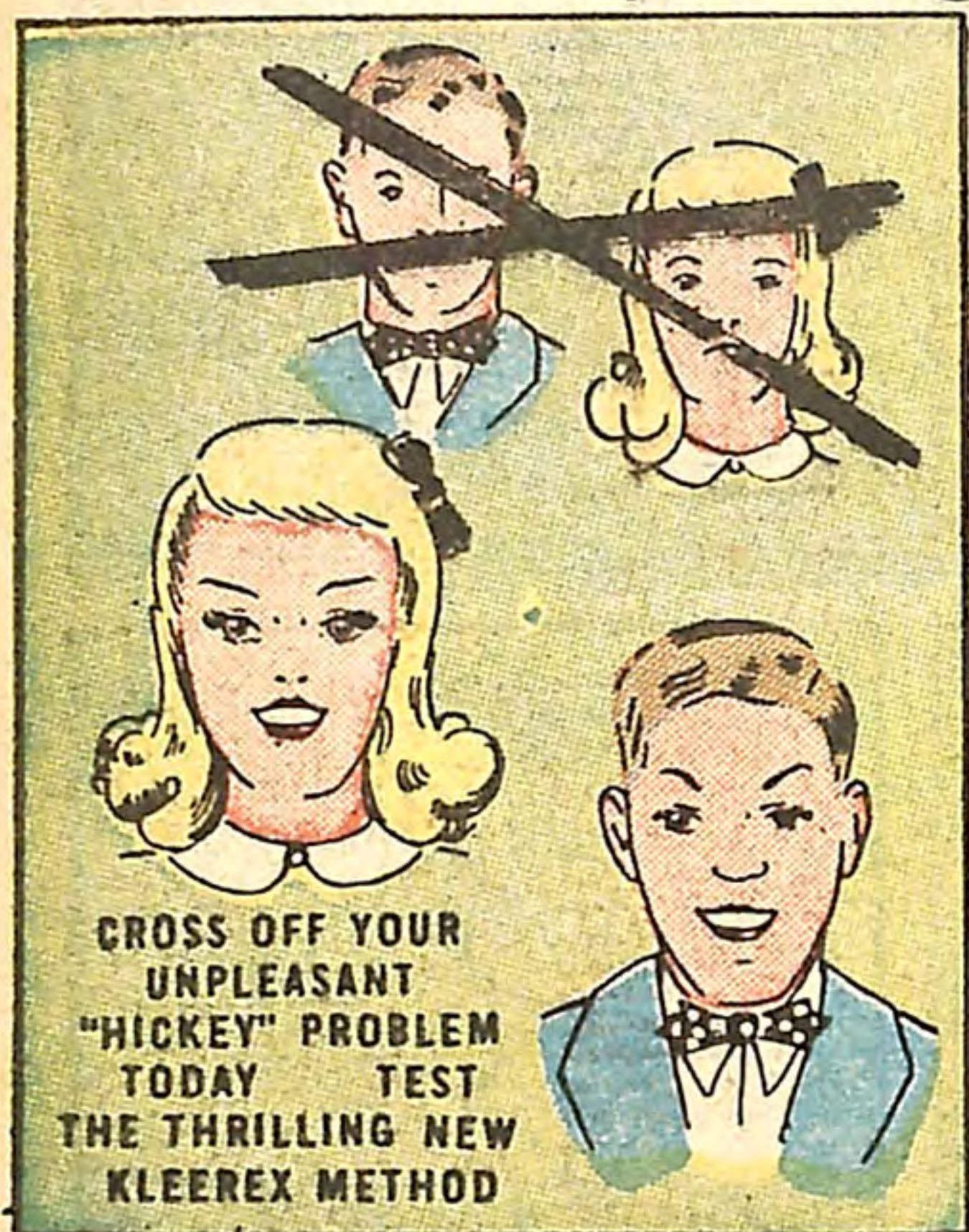
ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, MY HUMBLE THANKS FOR YOUR CLUE AND THE AID OF YOUR MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE!



YOUR EMBARRASSING SKIN CONDITION MAY BE OVERCOME!

PIMPLES CLEARED BLACKHEADS CHECKED

This Easy, Safe, New Way OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



★ OVERNIGHT YOU SHOULD SEE A MIRACULOUS DIFFERENCE IN THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR SKIN NOW BLEMISHED WITH PIMPLES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN!

So easy to use.. Harmless.. Greaseless!

Do you want a clearer complexion, free from acne itch, unsightly pimples and blackheads that cause so many fellows and girls embarrassment? Don't let blemishes of outward origin make you self-conscious, cause you unhappiness and mar your normal good looks. Now you, too, may enjoy clearer, smoother, healthier looking skin by making this simple *overnight* test with KLEEREX, the amazing new skin lotion that actually helps clear up acne itch, pimples and blemishes, externally caused; and tends to check blackheads. KLEEREX is so easy to use that you'll be amazed! No more fussing with messy preparations. Greaseless, liquid KLEEREX dries on skin, leaves no stains on pillows or clothing! In the morning, you should see a remarkable difference in the very appearance of your skin! The skillfully blended medicated ingredients in KLEEREX are perfectly safe; contains no mercury, nothing harmful. Make this convincing test and prove to yourself that KLEEREX may dry up your pimples and clear them up sooner than you ever dreamed possible. Remember, noticeable results are guaranteed or double your money back! Just mail the coupon now

IF YOU WANT A CLEARER COMPLEXION, DO WHAT JANE AND BOB DID:



IF YOU DON'T SEE A DEFINITE CHANGE IN YOUR SKIN'S APPEARANCE OVERNIGHT YOU GET THIS WONDERFUL BONUS!

KLEEREX has the enthusiastic praise of thousands of users who, to their thrilled surprise, found their skin clearer, smoother and fresher-looking after first application. Don't put up with acne itch, pimples and blackheads any longer. Make this easy test right away and then see the difference yourself. If your externally caused blemishes aren't quickly dried, if KLEEREX doesn't help clear your skin, return and get **DOUBLE** yes **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Act now—mail coupon today.

Send No Money—MAIL COUPON

Meet people unashamed and self-confident, when skin looks clearer. Send for your trial of KLEEREX on the special introductory offer that may mean so much to your future happiness, popularity and good looks. Send no money. Just mail coupon. Upon arrival of package, pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Cash orders sent postpaid. If you aren't thrilled with the different appearance of your skin, return package and get **DOUBLE** your money back. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-D 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill

MAKE THIS AMAZING TEST AT OUR RISK—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Just fill out the convenient coupon below and mail it. Upon arrival make the amazingly easy KLEEREX test. Just cleanse your face, then apply KLEEREX with brush provided. Notice how quickly KLEEREX dries on the skin, medicating at the same time it helps heal acne itch and pimples of outward origin. Then see the astounding results next morning. You won't risk a thing... should gain so much. Order your KLEEREX now.

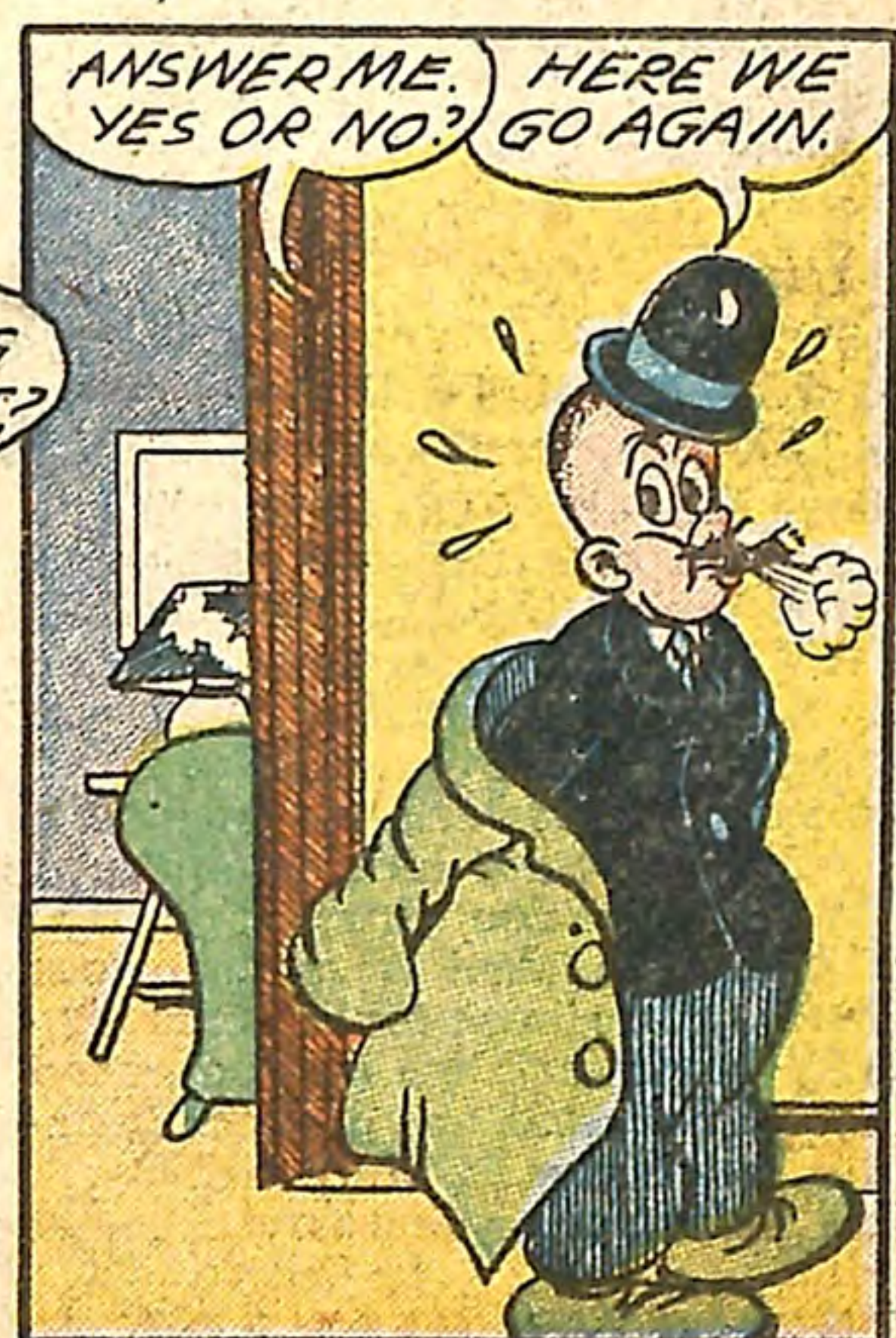
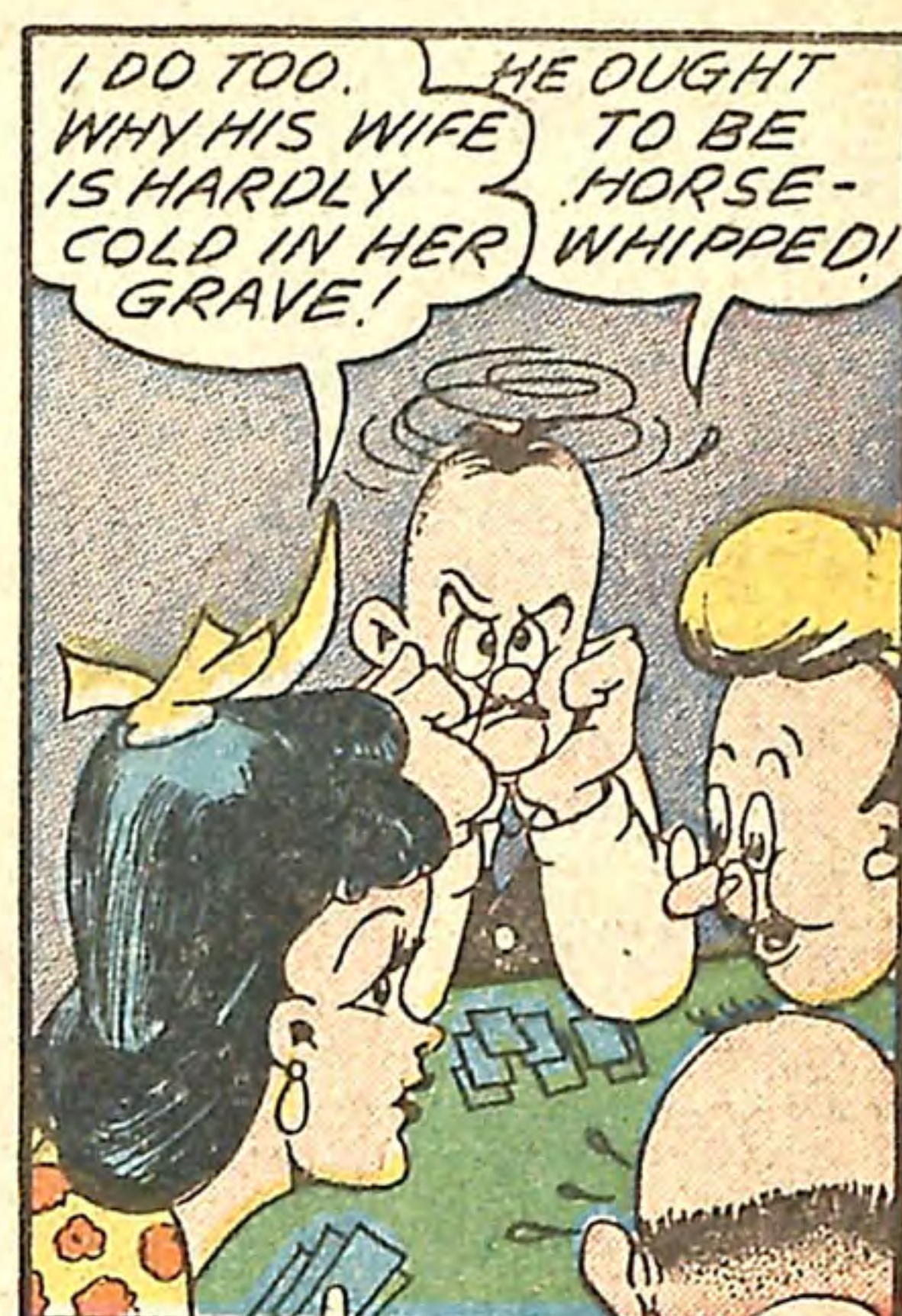
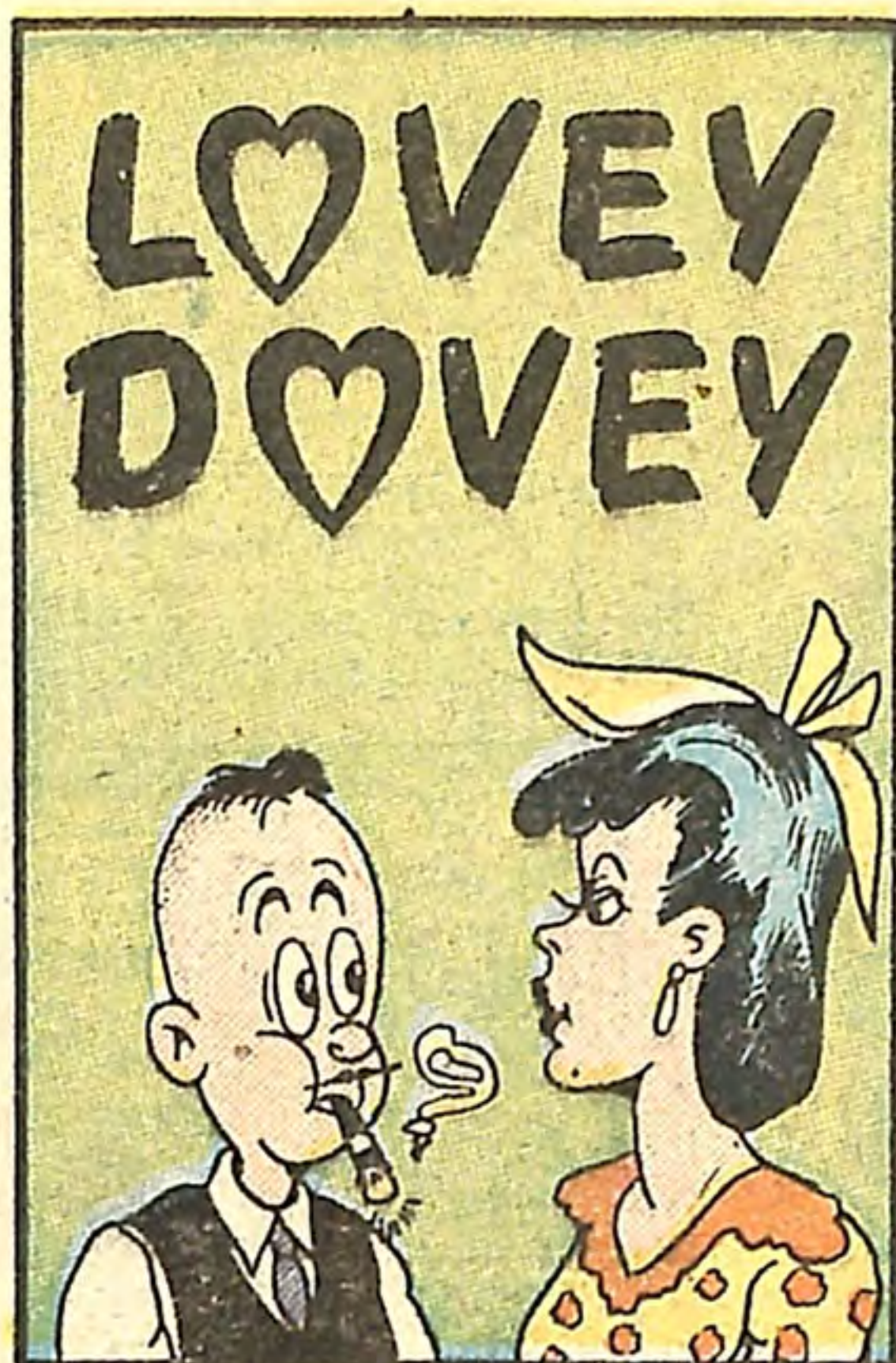
RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 175-D 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.
I want to test KLEEREX to help clear up pimples, acne itch (externally caused). I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival with understanding that I may return package for **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** if not satisfied (\$1.00 enclosed, with coupon and you pay postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS
just like the real McCoy!

Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

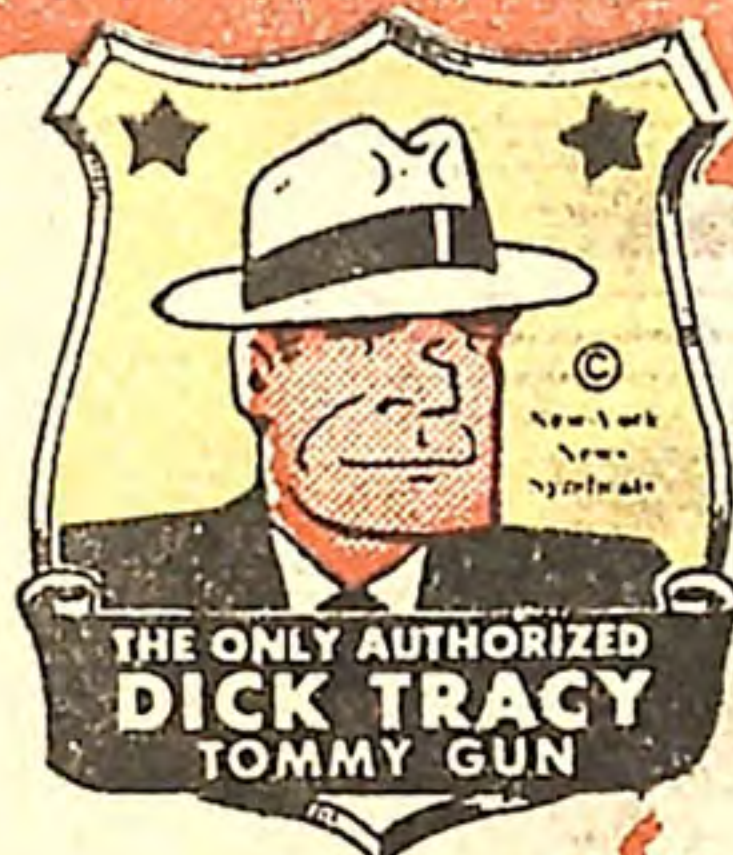
Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

\$3.79
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FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT
RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT**

Much
larger
than pic-
tured here!
Actually
over 20
inches
long

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son **JUNIOR**

GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA...OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

WHAT'S
THIS?

MEANWHILE, "X-28'S" SON, JUNIOR, HEARS
VOICES INSIDE AND LOOKS THRU KEYHOLE

REACH FOR
THE CEILING
FELLAS. I'LL
SHOOT THE
FIRST GUY
WHO MOVES.

OKAY, KID... ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!

HURRY, OPERATOR SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY

I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR, THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING

IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME.
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING, IT
FOOLS MOST
PEOPLE

YOU MEAN
TO SAY THAT
TOMMY GUN
ISN'T REAL?
WHY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE...YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
Mail the Coupon Now!

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP...**

even if you are not delighted with your
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN Yes, if not com-
pletely satisfied you may return your TOMMY
GUN for a complete refund and keep this
wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective
Badge FREE!

PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-127
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79 Please ship postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Prices in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**



Free!

SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

New Easy Way

MAKES BUTTON HOLES

ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

MY! BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE
TO HAVE BUTTON-HOLES MADE

\$2.00 PLEASE

WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER
LIKE THIS IT COSTS ONLY \$1.00 AND FITS ON
YOUR SEWING MACHINE — AND IT'S SO SIMPLE
TO OPERATE!

THIS IS MARVELOUS!
FROM NOW ON I'LL
MAKE ALL MY OWN
BUTTON-HOLES

JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-
HOLES I MADE! AND IT WAS REALLY FUN

I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND
YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW
ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT

SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS

1 TWO ROWS
OF STITCHES
2 FOUR LONG STITCHES
TO PAD BUTTON HOLE
3 SIDE-WAY
FINISH STITCH

NEW!
IMPROVED! **2 for 1 offer** **\$1.00**
NOTHING LIKE IT! Now only

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one . . . but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

EXTRA...NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage. Special . . . 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175-H
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or 3 for just \$2.50 plus postage (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 175-H 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

**PALS
IN PLEASURE**



the gang loves



They're tops! Cookies made
with BABY RUTH!

**Buy 'em or
Bake 'em!**

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun : Spirits are high when **Baby Ruth** joins the crowd!
Delicious, chewy candy like **Baby Ruth** is a swell
treat any time, any place!

Good Food: The delectable goodness of **Baby Ruth** candy
comes from its pure, wholesome ingredients . . .
Baby Ruth is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body
uses directly for energy!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • **CHICAGO 13, ILL.**

From the JVJ Collection

P.
D.
C.
No.
22

DYNAMIC

Scans by Rangerhouse & Edit by Yoc

Yoc Edit
No 93

March 09, 2012



P.
D.
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No.
22

DYNAMIC

COMICS

10¢

SEPT. 5

WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS

DYNAMIC #22

Superior

9/47

Cover
DYN. MAN
YANKES Buy
ETITO

WANTONNESS
IN A SWEET
KNOWLEDGE DIZIPS
MR. E
IT'S THE MUTH

GATTUSO
STAN ASCUT °
GUS RICCA
GATTUSO
BIRO-SCHWAB
GUS SCHWARTZ
BEZIK + GPPANZ
CANALLO °
RICKETS + WB * (SMITH?)
BULL
SMOKE